

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,082



AUGUST 23, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

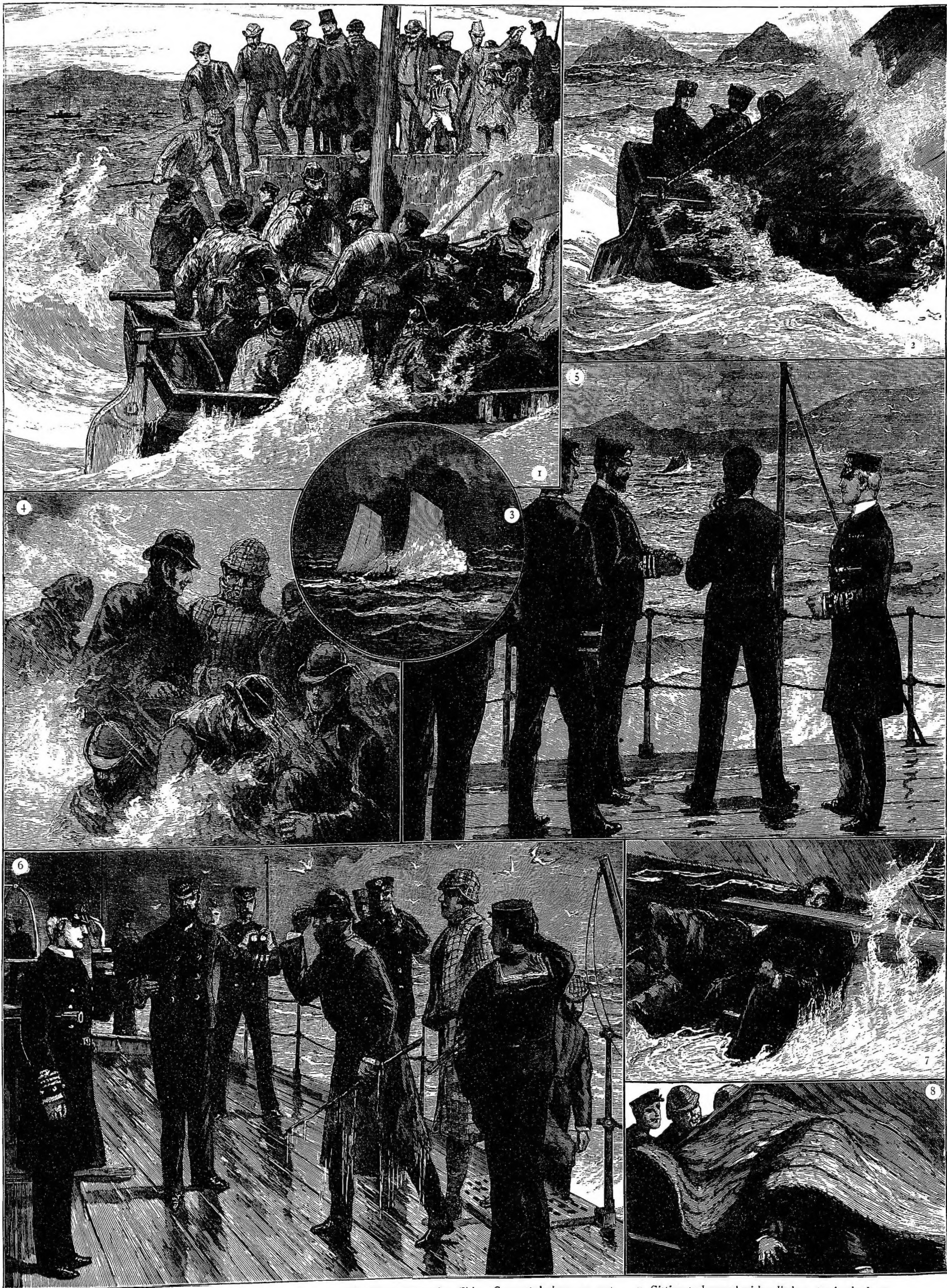
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,082.—Vol. XLII.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.]



1. The Return from the Shore—First come, first served
2. Tacking
3. Pretty enough, when vignetted through a telescope two miles off
4. "If we capsize, old man, you will stand no chance in that ulster, you know"

5. Watching from the Ship—Congratulations at not having gone ashore
6. Some Officers postpone dressing for dinner to receive us, a delicate attention with which we could dispense, as we present a very "Arrival at Folkestone" appearance

7. Sitting to leeward with a little water in the boat
8. Rather too bad, when you think you will get out of the boat with dignified command of temper, to be enveloped in the lowered sail

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES—EXPERIENCES OF A TRIP TO SHORE IN ROUGH WEATHER

Topics of the Week

THE SESSION.—It was natural that in the Speech from the Throne the Government should lay stress upon their achievements in foreign policy. It cannot, of course, be pretended that even in this department their record is brilliant; but all the world agrees that as Foreign Minister Lord Salisbury has displayed a thoroughly sound judgment. By the Anglo-German Agreement he has contrived to please our Teutonic kinsfolk, and, at the same time, to secure what may in the end prove to be very solid advantages for ourselves. The Anglo-French Agreement, although not very important, has done good service by strengthening the friendly relations between England and France. Unfortunately, the question relating to the Newfoundland Fisheries remains unsettled; and the Government have not yet succeeded in bringing to an end the disputes with the United States and Portugal. But Lord Salisbury has done his work in other respects so well that we have reason to hope that in regard to these matters also he will be able to carry to the right kind of issue the negotiations he has begun. It would be well for him and his colleagues if their conduct of domestic affairs had been marked by the same sagacity as that with which foreign difficulties have been overcome. So far as home legislation is concerned, there has rarely been a more barren Session; and hardly any one is of opinion that the failure is in no respect due to the Government. It is true that the Opposition have been utterly unscrupulous, but Ministers have shown little energy or resource in dealing with hostile tactics. They also committed a serious blunder in unnecessarily exciting the wrath of the Temperance party. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that much damage has been done to the Unionist cause. So far as Ireland is concerned, public opinion does not seem to have greatly changed in the course of the Session; and there is a general feeling that by prudent management the Ministry may by and by recover the ground it has lost.

CLOSE OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—As this country is far more dependent at the present time on foreign and colonial ports for its supplies of food and other necessities than was the case during the protracted war of the earlier years of the century, the lesson sought to be learnt during the Naval Manœuvres of 1890 was of a very practical and urgent character. The principal object, as set forth in the official Admiralty programme, was to ascertain under what conditions a hostile fleet could maintain itself on an important trade route, and intercept the traffic, always endeavouring to avoid a general engagement. The result of the operations, however, has been certainly disappointing. The two fleets engaged—namely, the hostile fleet, commanded by Sir Michael Seymour, and the British fleet, commanded by Sir George Tryon—never sighted each other, and during the greater part of the cruise were absolutely ignorant of each others' whereabouts. In a memorandum issued to his officers before the "war" began, Sir George Tryon indicates how this phenomenon was almost certain to occur. As the enemy, he says, had twenty-four hours' start, and, as the speed and coal endurance of the two fleets were approximately equal, by no possibility could the British protecting force overtake their foe. This statement seems to imply that the Admiralty plan of operations was practically unworkable, but at the same time we will not, as landsmen, venture to decry a programme which must have been drawn up with the approval of the best naval experts procurable. We rather prefer to draw the obvious inference that it is impossible, in sham war, to imitate the conditions which would prevail in real war. For, instance, it might be hastily conjectured that Sir George Tryon's inability to get at Sir Michael Seymour shows that an enemy might obtain undisputed command of our chief maritime thoroughfare. But the element of time must be considered. The manœuvres only lasted ten days; whereas a real foe would have to stay out much longer than that to exercise an effectually paralysing effect on our commerce, and very soon he would be forced to run back to port for a supply of coal. The torpedo experiments, again, were less convincing because conducted with a rashness which would be impossible in actual warfare. Nevertheless, whatever their shortcomings, these annual manœuvres are most valuable in teaching officers and men how ships should be handled under conditions approximating to actual hostilities. Nothing, however, short of a war with a first-class maritime Power can solve various questions raised by the revolution which has, during the last fifty years, remodelled our ships and their armaments.

BAD FOR IRELAND.—Although the Irish people no longer place the same exclusive dependence on the potato crop as they did prior to the Famine, there are still some parts of the island where its failure would cause terrible destitution and suffering. Not without serious misgiving, therefore, will the public receive the reluctant admission of Mr. Balfour that the blight has not only appeared but has devastated some districts. How far it will go cannot yet be judged; a long spell of hot, dry weather would, no doubt, effect a great change for the better. But with our variable and deceitful climate, it would be most unsafe to trust to

good luck in a matter of such vital importance. The Government acts rightly, of course, in postponing remedial measures until the danger has disclosed itself more clearly and fully. Pat is, perhaps, rather too willing sometimes to look to the State for help through his difficulties, and, once he falls into that mood, it is terribly difficult to get him back to hard work and independence. With him, however, establishing relief organisations, the Government could and should turn the day of grace to good account by making timely provision against the possibility of famine. We do not mean only by collecting supplies of food and arranging for their distribution, but by planning beforehand really useful works of permanent value, on which the starving peasants could be employed. That would save them to some extent from the pauperising tendency which is inseparable from gratis relief, while at the same time obtaining for taxpayers some value for their money. But, to make this system effective, a good deal of decentralisation will be needed. Works required in one district might be entirely useless in another, owing to the differences of local idiosyncrasy. Unfortunately, decentralisation of authority in Ireland too often results in political or sectarian jobbery.

A SHORTENED ADDRESS.—At the beginning of next Session the Government will propose a shorter Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne, but it is not at all certain that the bores of the House of Commons will be put to much inconvenience by this device. In the first place, they may have a good deal to say on the question whether it is expedient that the Address should be abbreviated; and, when that difficulty has been got rid of, they may find that even a formal expression of thanks gives them ample opportunity for the exercise of their skill in the wasting of public time. The change, however, is in the right direction, and we must hope that it will be to some extent effectual. It ought to be only one of a series of proposals for the reorganisation of the methods of the House of Commons. In former times, when there were only two political parties, and when both had certain great traditions in common, the present system worked very well. Now all the conditions are changed, and it is essential that new rules should be enforced. The root of the difficulty lies in the fact that there is at present no power by which the loquacity of members can be checked. Why should not the House decide, with regard to every measure, the precise time within which it must be either accepted or rejected? If that were done, there would be little scope for Obstruction, and more than twice as much work as can now be done would be accomplished easily. It may be said that measures would be inadequately considered, but no such result would follow if the House took care in each case to mark out a reasonable period for discussion. The scheme is certainly a drastic one, but the evil which has to be got rid of is too deeply seated for slight remedies.

PROTECTION IN ITALY.—The British Consul at Leghorn has just issued a Report showing the effects of a system of highly-protective duties in the Peninsula. The facts cited are so favourable to the cause of Free Trade, that we recommend them to the attention of the Cobden Club. But, if they desire to influence Continental opinion, they should refrain from issuing pamphlets which, as a rule, are thrown unread into the waste-paper basket; they should (the police permitting) placard the walls of Continental cities with bills in good bold type, setting forth some of the salient facts referred to in the above-mentioned Report. Protection has undoubtedly caused the establishment of various manufacturing enterprises on Italian soil, but they are in most cases undertaken and "run" by foreign capitalists—English, French, and German. In these days, if an enterprising manufacturer finds himself handicapped by a heavy protective duty, he forthwith carries plant and machinery to the country in question, and starts business there. Still more suggestive are the Consul's facts about the importation of food. Increased duties on wheat choked off the Indian supply, but the Russian holds its own, nor has the home-grown production increased. The heavy tax on coffee has increased the consumption of chicory, as the Italians cannot now afford the pure beverage; while the dearthness of sugar prevents the growers from utilising their unrivalled opportunities for the production of fruit. The Americans, who are just now discussing the expediency of shutting out British tin plates, and thereby crippling their own canning industry, should take warning by the example of Italy.

DOCKERS IN COUNCIL.—The decree just issued by the Dockers' Union reminds one somehow of the saying about beggars on horseback. It seems only the other day that these men were appealing for public commiseration and help in their desperate extremity. Now, on the contrary, they shut the door of casual employment at the docks against those who are circumstanced as they used to be. The Union announces that it will not admit any fresh members this year, except by special sanction, the reason assigned being that the numbers on its books are quite equal to the requirements of the port. There will be no profit, consequently, for hard-driven yokels to walk to London during the coming winter, on the chance of picking up odd jobs at the docks. The Union is evidently determined to proportion the amount

of available labour to the quantity of work likely to be on offer, and interlopers would be sure to have a very unpleasant time if they upset the nicely-adjusted scale. After all, harsh as the decree looks at first sight, it contains a deal of sweet reasonableness. The fundamental cause of the former misery of the dockers was that there were too many of them on offer. Taking advantage of this superabundance of labour, employers naturally cut down its price, and not only that, either, but spread the little they gave over the whole starving multitude. Who can blame the organised dockers, then, for endeavouring to create a monopoly for themselves and their families? They are not necessarily hard-hearted or merciless to their brethren because they do this; it is Nature, with her abhorrence of the vacuum which prompts them to shut the door against the stranger. Nor will it be a bad thing for London if this "boycott" serves to check the annual winter migration from the provinces. Hodge rarely improves his economic condition by becoming a townsman; as a rule, he falls into the ranks of the unemployed, and steadily gravitates towards the workhouse.

CZAR AND KAISER.—The meeting of the Czar and the Kaiser is not in itself an event of first-rate political importance, but it is interesting as an indication of the tendency of German and Russian policy. It does not mean that there is any slackening of the bonds by which Germany, Austria, and Italy are connected with one another. The Triple Alliance was formed for the protection of interests which are as vital to-day as they ever were, and it is incredible that in the near future it will be either destroyed or modified. But there is nothing in the Triple Alliance which necessarily prevents Germany from being on friendly terms with Russia; and, in the existing circumstances of Europe, it is of high importance for both Powers that a good understanding between them should be established. If the Berlin and the St. Petersburg Governments were able to maintain cordial relations with one another, it would be the aim of Germany to do everything in her power to control any movement in the Balkan Peninsula which might seem likely to give offence to Russia. On the other hand, it would be the interest of Russia to discourage the growth of a warlike temper in France. Thus the two States would each benefit by the goodwill of the other. All Germans are sincerely anxious that co-operation of this kind should be rendered possible; but it is not equally certain that all Russians are of the same mind. Some of the Czar's subjects are always more or less eager for an advance on Constantinople; and that—or anything definitely pointing in that direction—would of course at once make Germany hostile. But the Imperial meeting shows that the Czar is not personally in favour of an aggressive policy. He would evidently prefer to respond frankly to the Kaiser's manifestations of friendship. If he is strong enough to give effect to his personal wishes, his action will be an invaluable addition to the existing guarantees for the maintenance of peace.

ROUGHS.—In all our larger towns there is a considerable percentage of persons who are lawless and mischievous, and often cowardly and cruel. If not really more abundant, they are far more rampant in English-speaking than in Continental cities. San Francisco has its "hoodlums," New York its "corner-men," Melbourne and Sydney their "larrikins," while in the United Kingdom they are generally known as "roughs." They are not ordinarily professional criminals, for the professional criminal, unless interfered with in his business avocations, usually prefers to avoid public observation and lie low; but they are always ready to aid law-breakers against the police. Who does not know the mob which issues, as it were spontaneously, from courts and alleys when a street-row takes place, and how ready it is, being in a safe majority, to kick and otherwise maltreat the one or two constables who are trying to keep the peace? Should it be our fate (and who can say it may not come?) to undergo such a *boulevardement* as France experienced a century ago, these savage, lawless mobs may play as conspicuous a part as they then did in Paris. What is known as "the Kingsland tragedy" sheds a lurid light on the terrorism which even now exists in rowdy quarters of the town. The life of a publican in such places is evidently not to be envied. Then there is a milder and more juvenile form of ruffianism, which, nevertheless, may be the precursor of a career of brutality and lawlessness. We refer to the bands of youths and girls who on Sunday evenings link arms across the footways, thrust decent women off the pavement, and accompany the action with volleys of bad language. For such an offence, a fine of forty shillings or a month seems an unsuitable penalty. Imprisonment inflicts a criminal stigma, while if a fine is paid the parents suffer. Flogging would be preferable, the stocks would be better still. Why not revive that good old implement? But something might be done by way of prevention. Young people of the working-class are wont to fall into mischief on Sundays because they often don't know what to do with themselves, and the Legislature closes all places of amusement, except the gin-shops. Some blame, too, attaches to the School Board. It has been in existence twenty years, and most of the younger roughs have been its pupils. If it had bothered less about book-learning, and paid more attention to morals and manners, we should have more respect for it than we now have.

THE SILVER "BOOM."—The promoters of the American Silver Bill could scarcely have anticipated such surprising results from the measure as have already come to pass. It was certain, of course, that the largely enhanced purchases of the Washington Treasury would have an appreciating effect on the metal. But the process having only just begun, it cannot have produced that overbalancing of supply by demand which has characterised the market this week. The explanation of the phenomenon is to be found, of course, in the stimulus given by speculation. Because silver seems likely to become gradually somewhat scarcer, and therefore to be more valuable as a medium of exchange, those who always strive to be beforehand in catching "good things" have proceeded precisely as if a silver famine had regularly set in. It is these forestallers, and not the eternal laws of economic science, who are answerable for the "boom" which has suddenly restored the metal to the price it fetched some twelve years ago. And, concurrently with its advancing by leaps and bounds towards the historic level of five shillings an ounce, all securities whose interest is payable in silver have jumped correspondingly. How long this comfortable state of things will last remains to be seen. Some reaction seems inevitable, although it is quite possible that when the market has been denuded by the continuous American purchases, even higher prices may be obtained than those now current. In the mean time, holders of silver securities, Anglo-Indians who have to make home remittances, and, above all, the Indian Government will be in the enjoyment of unexpected wealth. They have neither toiled nor spun for this windfall; it has come to them as a gift from the gods—free, spontaneous, and altogether delightful. But let them not base their future expenditure on the assumption that silver will never again become a drug. The supply is certain to be immensely increased by the higher price now on offer, while it remains to be shown whether Brother Jonathan may not find the task he has set himself beyond even his gigantic strength.

PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.—The German Emperor has given directions that all children employed in State factories in his dominions shall be medically examined. If any of them are found to be decidedly in need of change of air, they are to be sent for a fortnight to the shores of the North Sea, and all expenses are to be defrayed by the Government. It would be difficult to conceive a more striking violation of the once-sacred doctrine of *laissez-faire*. Not very long ago the decision would probably have been criticised by the majority of Englishmen in anything but an appreciative spirit. The progress of democracy, however, has led to a remarkable change in the popular idea as to the proper functions of rulers; and now there is apparently no one in England who thinks of condemning, on high economic principle, the Kaiser's care for the children for whose welfare he holds himself responsible. In Germany his humane order will win for him golden opinions from people of all classes, and especially from women, to whom a step of this kind will seem infinitely more important than the passing of any number of ordinary legislative measures. Perhaps, too, it may have some effect on private employers, many of whom will not like to feel that the children who work for them are worse off than the children who work for the Government. The German Emperor has evidently no intention of occupying himself with the social problem as a mere fad. He has taken the task in hand seriously, and has shown much higher qualities than mere impulsiveness and good-nature in which everything he has hitherto done for the realisation of his ideas.

RETIREMENT.—In the new Civil Service rules we note that retirement shall be compulsory for every officer on attaining sixty-five years of age, although in certain exceptional cases an extension of five years more will be granted. This limit, the same as that adopted by the County Council, is as fair a one as can be arrived at. We all naturally hope that we may find ourselves at the age of fourscore as active, without being so mischievous, as Mr. Gladstone, but we must avoid being misled by exceptional cases. The sad truth remains that, even when they have taken care of themselves—as very few of us do while we are comparatively young and strong—most men are, as regards really efficient work, played out at the age of threescore and five. At all events, a Government *employé* has no right to grumble if, when he reaches that age, the State decides that it prefers the services of a younger man, and relegates the veteran to the honourable position of pensioner. Some men—especially those whose lives have been of a very routine order—dread retirement, not because of the loss of money, but because they fear that they will soon break up and die, and they cite gloomy examples of other men to this effect. It is quite true that in some cases retirement is prejudicial to the health. But this is usually the case where a man has no resources in himself, and finds his leisure hours hang heavily. On the other hand, where a man possesses that inestimable blessing, a hobby—or where, without having a hobby, he knows how to employ his newly-gained leisure healthfully and sensibly, retirement often acts like a charm. His ailment (and who at sixty-five has not some ailment?) becomes less troublesome, probably because he gets more open air and exercise; and he finds that he has entered on a new lease of life, which will possibly carry him well on into the seventies.

DALTON'S SWIM.—While according all possible honour to the fortitude and endurance displayed by the nearly-dead man who was dragged on shore at Folkestone last Monday, we must regret that they were not exhibited in a better cause. Who or what is the gainer by such senseless feats? They merely demonstrate that a few peculiarly-constituted human beings, exceptionally endowed with vitality and animal heat, can remain in salt water for twenty-four hours at a stretch. Nothing beyond that familiar fact results to mankind from Dalton's swim across Channel. Carefully and constantly nourished throughout, with a boat close at hand ready to pick him out of the water at the first hail, he ran next to no risk, nor did his performance afford the slightest hint by which a shipwrecked sailor might profit. There was not even the sporting interest of a competition between man and man to enliven the dreary business. All Dalton essayed to do was to get across the Channel somehow, and, as Webb had done it previously, even the element of novelty was absent. And so it will be, we predict, with the outcome of this foolishness. Webb became, it will be remembered, the hero of the music halls, and made a considerable sum of money by exhibiting himself at such places, until the public had enough of him, and he had to attempt an even more senseless feat to revive his faded fame. In like manner, Dalton will, no doubt, go on tour as the conquering hero, but it may be hoped that he will leave Niagara severely alone. Without its assistance, he ought to earn a sufficient sum to establish himself in some little business. But these heroes of a day rarely care to come down from their tawdry pedestals. Once they have tasted the delight of being lionised, they cannot endure the tameness of ordinary life, but gravitate ever downwards from one social level to another, in their insatiable thirst for vulgar applause.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPES OF THE FRENCH ARMY—CHASSEURS A PIED."



FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY, FRENCH, and MUNICH EXHIBITIONS, see page 213.

BRIGHTON THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYR CHART.—MONDAY, August 25, NEW BABYLON.

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COWES	
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VENTNOR	Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
FRESHWATER	
ST. HELENS	
BEAMBRIDGE	

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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THE DINNER BOAT—AN INCIDENT FROM THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

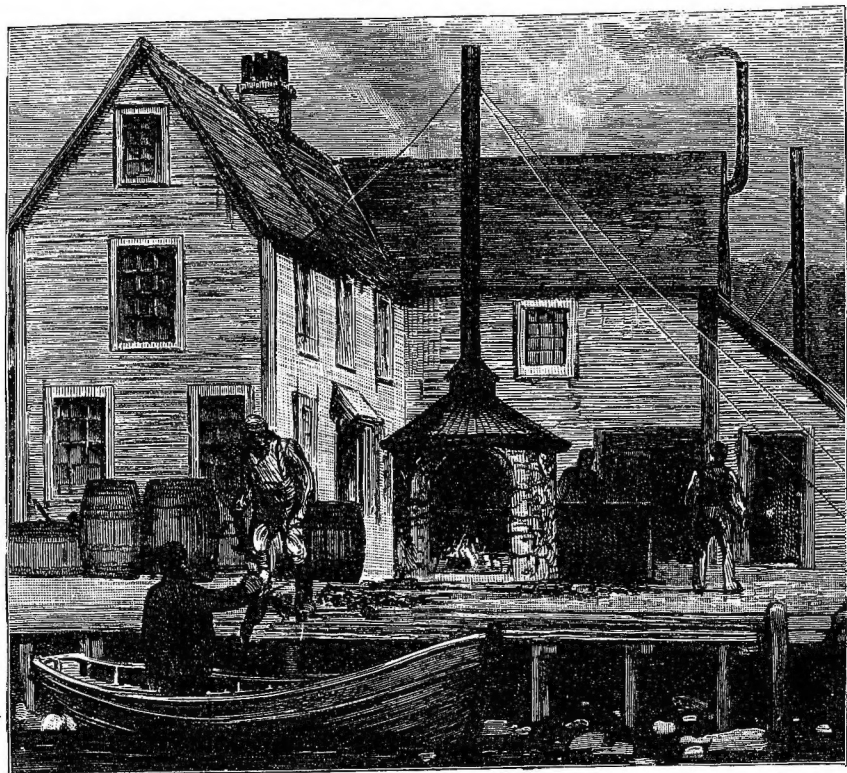
BOTH officers and men in the Royal Navy are equally fond of getting ashore. Jack, whether before or abaft the mast, is notoriously fond of a gentle, exhilarating, constitutional walk, and he can only enjoy this in perfection by getting on to *terra firma*. Some officers, under these circumstances, having been on shore, a boat, called the dinner boat, was sent to bring them back for the purpose of partaking of that welcome meal. The boat was also useful for imparting instruction in the art of sailing to those who had the management of her, and the fact that the weather was boisterous and the sea rough added to the value of the practical lessons which they were learning. Those of the officers who on this occasion were merely passengers didn't view the trip in any such favourable light; they crowded down to the boat, regardless of the comments of the onlooking natives, their sole object being to secure a seat and an overcoat. The boat made a picturesque object regarded through a telescope at a distance of two miles, but viewed at close quarters the prospect was less enchanting. Everybody was crowded and drenched with spray, and a good deal of water had been shipped. A man who was minus an overcoat revenged himself on his comrade, who wore an ulster, by telling him that in case of a capsize he would have no chance. The officers on board, viewing the convulsive movements of the dinner boat, congratulated themselves, on the principle of "Suave mari magno," that they had not gone on shore; and they afterwards assembled to receive the poor dripping wretches, just as hard-hearted sightseers crowd the piers at Dover and Folkestone to see the seaside passengers after a nasty passage across the Channel. And if a man desired to leave the dinner boat with dignity and command of temper, it was difficult to do so when he found himself entangled in the lowered sail.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster, H.M.S. Anson, Channel Squadron.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY QUESTION

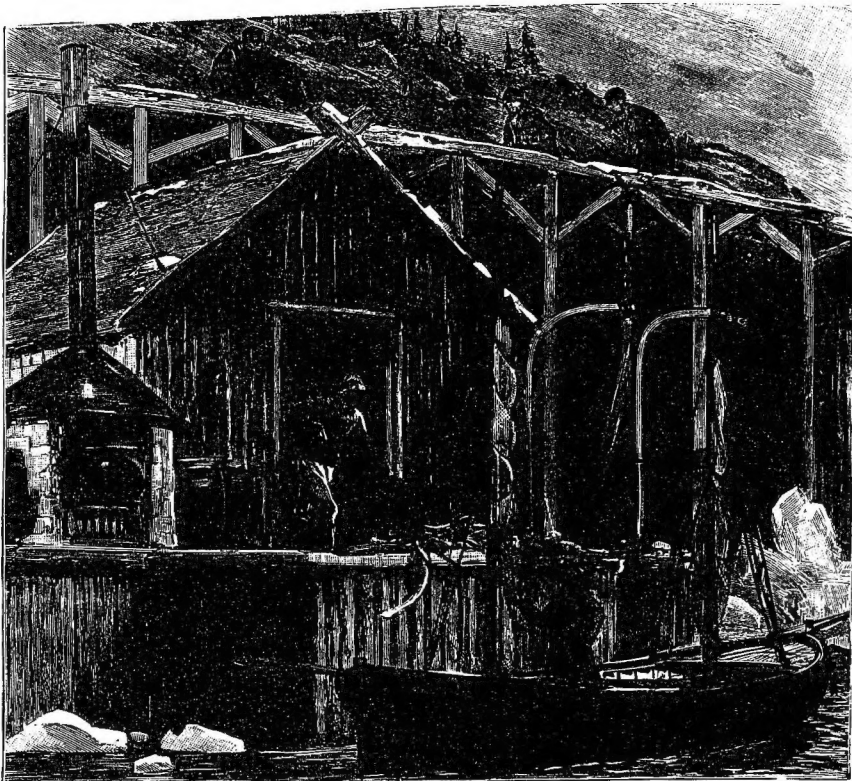
THESE engravings are from sketches by Mr. John W. Hayward, of Messrs. C. F. Bennett and Co., St. John's, Newfoundland, and are illustrative of the French shore fisheries, &c.

No. 1 shows a lobster factory, employing forty-five men, women, and children. This factory is one of the better kind—everything connected with the industry being done there. Besides boiling, shelling, and cleaning the lobsters, the tins are made, painted, and labelled there; the boxes also being manufactured on the spot. The lobsters are caught in traps with cod's heads for bait, the trap is hauled up, and the fish taken out into the dory (one man in each dory). They are next removed to the factory, and generally placed in flour barrels for a night, after which they are put into the boiler. When cooked, they are taken inside to the shelling-table. Here all the fish are taken out, generally by girls, then tinned, and again boiled, and finally soldered up.

No. 2 shows a fishing-room. The fish are thrown on to the stage-head, then in through a little window on to a table, where they are headed and disentrained by girls, who then push them to the splitter (he is nearly always of the male sex), who splits them down to the tail, and takes out the sound bone. Then they are conveyed to the salters, who spread a layer of fish and one of salt alternately, except when they are pickled in puncheons. This, however, is not so good a process. When sufficiently salted or pickled they are



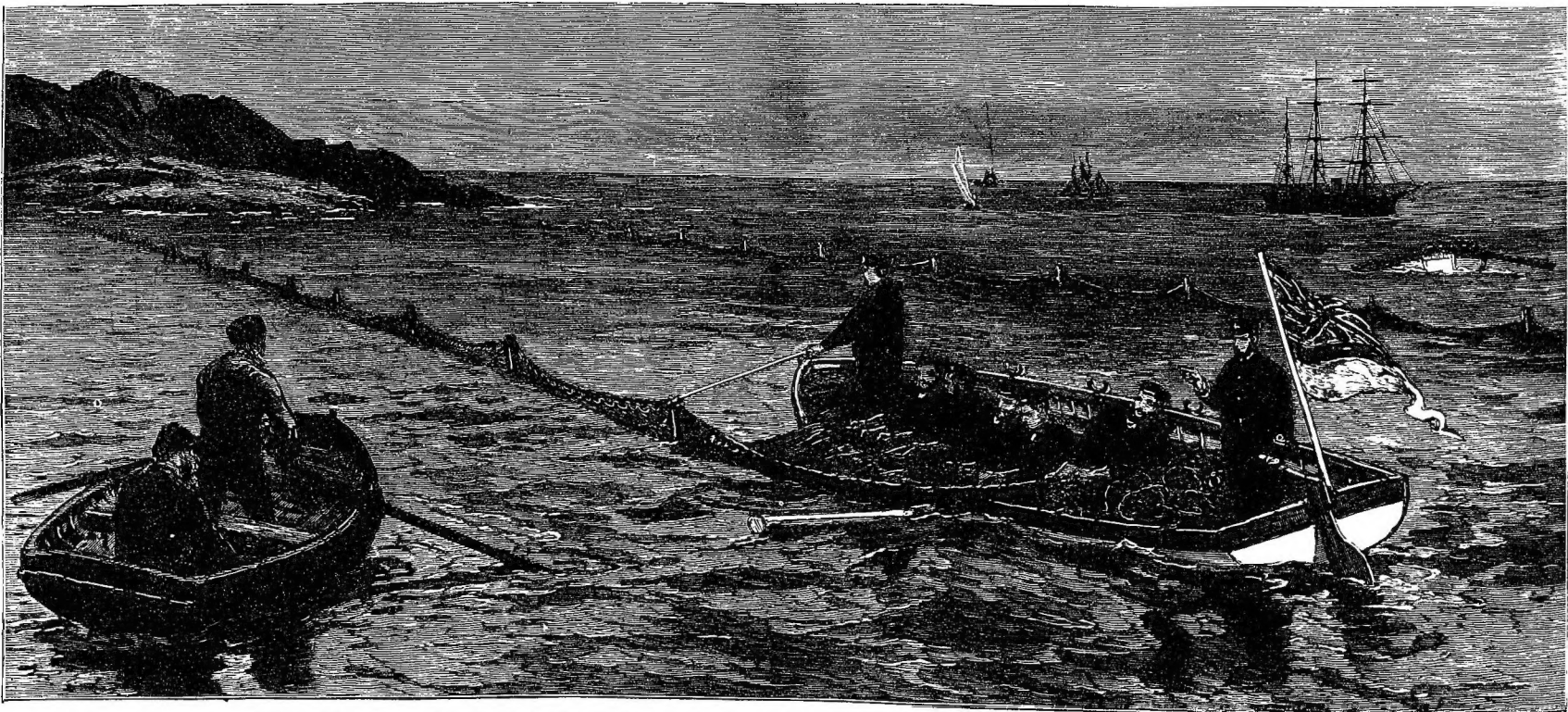
NEWFOUNDLAND LOBSTER FACTORY ON THE FRENCH SHORE



BRITISH FISHING ROOM ON THE FRENCH SHORE

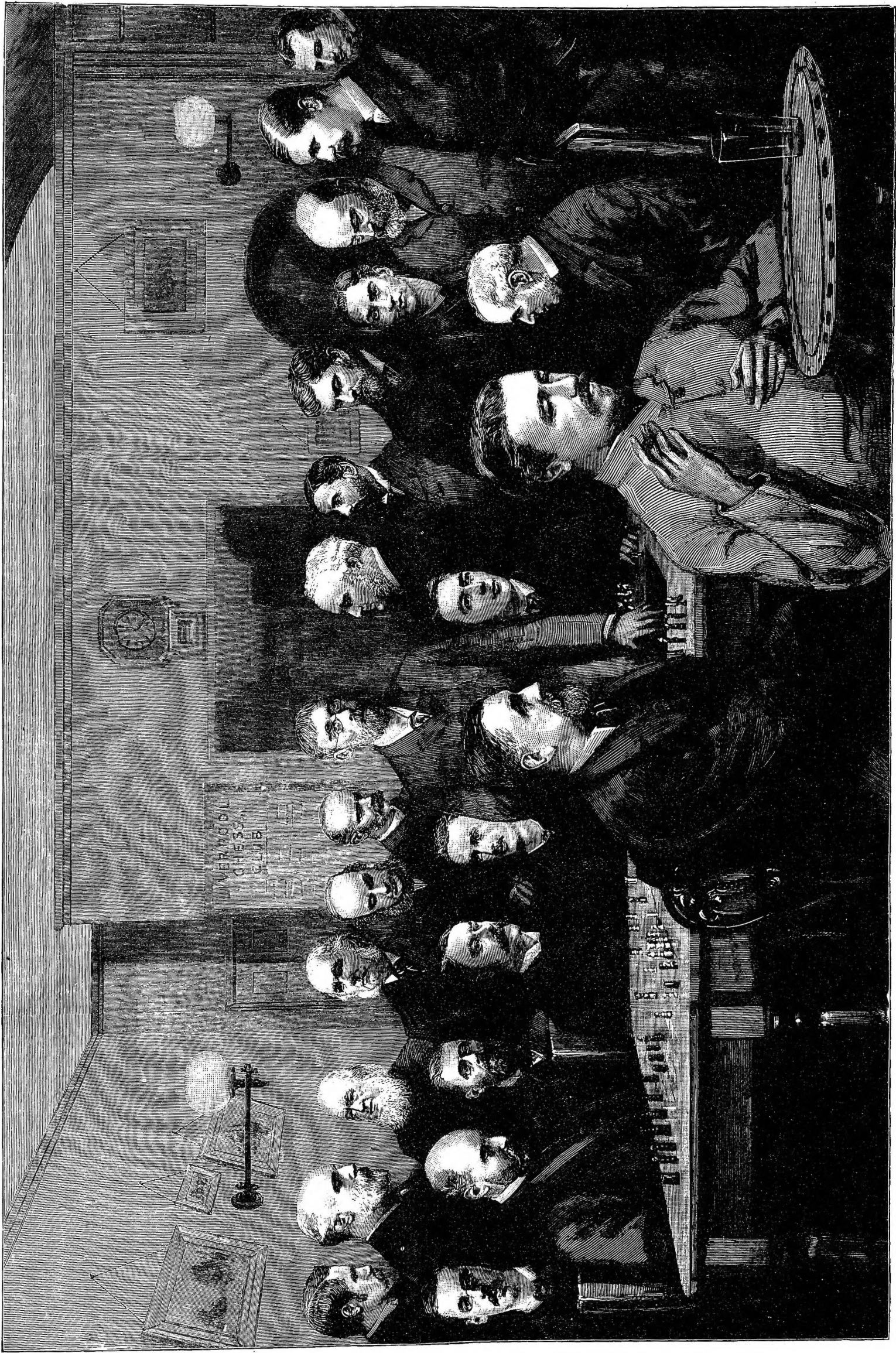


INTERIOR OF AN ENGLISH FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE FRENCH SHORE—BRITISH FISHERMEN NOT ALLOWED TO FISH



BRITISH MAN OF WAR REMOVING AND CONFISCATING NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON NET, LEAVING FRENCH NET UNMOLESTED
 THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES QUESTION

Mr. Harris Mr. B. Barber Rev. H. H. Higgins Mr. C. H. Cox Mr. S. Wright Mr. Formby Mr. A. Burn,
President Rev. J. Owen Mr. J. Gallagher Mr. Wellington Mr. Kaizer Mr. J. Lister Mr. Ellis Mr. Fowell



THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS—SOME OF THE CHIEF MEMBERS OF THE LIVERPOOL CHESS CLUB

Mr. Leulier Mr. A. Meyers Mr. W. Clissold,
Hon. Sec. Mr. H. Bennett Mr. G. Whithead Mr. Charney Mr. Howard Mr. J. H. Blackburne Dr. Sinclair

barrowed to the flake to dry, gathered into small heaps, and covered over at night, or when the weather is not suitable.

No. 3 shows a British man-of-war boat removing a Newfoundland's salmon-net, as it is against law to bar any stream by using a net reaching more than one third way across. This net has spanned the river. The net outside cannot be touched, being French. It is a cruel job, and very distasteful to all parties, seeing that the French will not notice our laws. The barring of a stream is certainly a very pernicious practice, and should be stopped, but it is anomalous that the French should be able to do it, and thus keep the fish from our starving people higher up, who dare not do so.

No. 4 shows the inside of a fisherman's dwelling. This is one of the ordinary class; there are many far worse. The father is trying to put warmth into his sick seven-year-old daughter. The other children are in the corner on their bed of boughs, trying to get warmth by covering themselves with a piece of old sail. The mother is nursing a newly-born infant. The grandmother is trying to put life into the fire made of pieces of the poor fellow's boat and oars.

THE LIVERPOOL CHESS CLUB

OUR illustration will interest the lovers of the Royal game, as this Club now occupies the position of the strongest organisation out of the metropolis, and many of the members will be recognised as worthily representing its well-earned distinction. The incident chosen is that of a contest between several of the Liverpool Club and the celebrated blindfold player J. H. Blackburne, who occupies the foreground of the picture. The Club has always been a generous supporter of the game, by inviting players of distinction to visit it, and engage in contests with its members, and very likely to this liberal policy is owing much of its strength. It has had for its guests periodically such masters as Staunton, Horwitz, Harwitz, Löwenthal, Kolisch, Steinitz, Bird, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Zukertort, and numerous others, and thus has kept before it constantly the highest standard of play.

The Club was founded in 1837, and has ever since grown in importance and numbers. It occupies spacious and convenient rooms, and has a very valuable, perhaps unique, Chess Library. From forty-nine members in its infancy, it has gradually increased to about one hundred and thirty, including some of the strongest living players. It was the first to engage in a match by telegraph, and no other has undertaken or carried out a contest in this way with such a distant club as that of Calcutta. This was originated in 1880 by one of its leading members, Mr. Robert Steel, known both here and in India as one of the warmest and strongest exponents of the game, and was won by Liverpool in about four months. To show the interest taken by members, it may be stated that a special Chess Code was constructed for the occasion by a member, Mr. W. W. Rutherford, which, with 4,000 words, made it possible to telegraph 16,000,000 different combinations of moves.

A formidable rival club has long existed in Manchester, and an annual challenge and contest has taken place for many years, and though Liverpool still maintains its pre-eminence, it has only done so by constantly keeping up its full strength. These friendly engagements are always looked forward to with interest in local chess circles. Glasgow, the Irish Chess Association, Bradford, and other clubs have also suffered defeat.

In 1887 the Club celebrated its Jubilee, and a week's chess revels, with every attraction the game could afford, concluding with an Old English banquet and ball, rendered it memorable among all lovers of the game, who were free of the club for the period. In its roll of distinguished members we find names known wherever players exist. Spreckley, Mongredien, Sparke, Steel, Schull, F. Johnson, Henry Rogers, Soul, Cox, and others in days gone by; while Burn, Owen, Wellington, Sinclair Leathes, Rutherford, Kaizer, Cairns, Ferguson, &c., are towers of strength at the present time. There is always a welcome to players who may visit the good old city, and the club well maintains its reputation for hospitality to strangers.

Some of the older members, who link the present with the past, have been introduced into the drawing, and will be recognised as having upheld its reputation in many hard-fought contests. The President, Mr. Amos Burn, one of the very first rank among living players, occupies the centre of the picture, and beside him the Rev. John Owen, who has long held a high position among English players. The club, from its liberal foundation and general excellence of organisation, seems to have before it a future fully worthy of its past traditions.

We may add in this connection that the meeting of the British Chess Association at Manchester was to take place at the end of this week. Messrs. Shalloo, Bardeleben, and Lasker, of Berlin; Bauer, of Vienna; Taubenhaus, of Paris; and Captain McKenzie, of America, were expected to be present at the tournament.

RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST

THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING RACE

See page 200

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A NEW serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 201.

"THE FERRY"

THE incident here depicted by Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., is of a very everyday character, and yet the general effect is very fresh and charming. It is one of those works of which one does not easily tire, but which, on the contrary, reveal fresh attractions the longer they are gazed at. The old-fashioned house standing on the verge of the broad river; the weather-beaten old Charon in his boat; the girl with her basket of flowers awaiting him on the steps; the face at the window which regards her with affectionate interest; and lastly, her prick-eared, rather supercilious looking little dog—all these combine to make up a very charming picture.

KINGSTON MARKET

See page 211

"MISCHIEF"

A DOG also appears in the picture by Madame Euphémie Muraton, which was exhibited this year in the Paris Salon under the title of "Sous l'Edredon" (Beneath the eider-down). The little rascal here depicted with such accuracy and vivacity has mischief displayed all over him—in his eyes, his cocked ears, his tail, and his paws. He has already done considerable damage, but he is probably afflicted with one of those foolishly-indulgent mistresses who will condone his offence. If it were not so, would he look up with such an air of confident, impudent expectation as the door opens, and somebody becomes aware of the havoc he has wrought?

WATER-POLO AT THE CROWN BATHS, KENNINGTON

HOWEVER exciting they may be to the actual competitors, swimming-races are not very interesting to the general public. And as the support of the general public is absolutely necessary to any sport which intends to flourish in these expensive days, it occurred to some bright genius, a year or two back, to invent a game which might be played in the water. Water-polo is a sort of development of the game which children sometimes play in the water with an india-rubber ball. It resembles its original, polo, in so far as that

the object of the game is to force the ball between the goal-posts of the opposite side; but its rules, of course, have been greatly modified by the nature of the element in which it is practised. Despite its brief existence, it has been very successful. There is a Water-Polo League, under whose auspices a Championship of London and Championship of England have been instituted, and this year there has actually been an international encounter between Scotland and England, in which, after a not very exciting match, the Scotch seven were successful. The London Championship, last year, fell to the Nautilus S.C., whose headquarters are the Crown Baths, Kennington, shown in our engraving. What is called "University Costume" is always worn by the players, and ladies are frequently to be seen among the spectators.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. C. Carey, Curator of the Royal Holloway College, Egham.

HIGHLAND PIPERS AT THE MILITARY EXHIBITION

THE Military Exhibition does not appear to be suffering from any diminution in popularity if the stream of visitors daily to be seen passing through its turnstiles is to be taken as a criterion. Certainly its promoters have left no stone unturned to make the Exhibition a success, for notwithstanding the fact that every gallery contains exhibits of a distinctly interesting character, the open spaces at the disposal of the Committee are constantly being utilised for purposes which tend both to interest and amuse the public. In the morning the pipers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have lately shared the honour of supplying the music with the military bands which every day perform within the garden enclosures, and the inspiring strains of their pipes generally attract large crowds when the weather will permit. The picture gallery, with its battle-pictures, portraits, and mementos of those heroes and contests which make Englishmen proud of their history, naturally proves the chief attraction of the Exhibition. Perhaps the exhibit of the Indian soldiers' costumes and arms, or the space appropriated by the Army Medical Department, ranks next in popularity. Thus the work necessary for the complete equipment of the modern soldier in every branch of the service can be seen and studied. In fact the Exhibition is a complete exponent of all matters appertaining to military life in the nineteenth century, and consequently appeals to every man, woman, and child interested in the British soldier and his doings.

"THE CHASSEURS À PIEDS"

THIS picture, by Alphonse de Neuville, which represents the Chasseurs à Pieds in action, is one of the best of this painter's works as regards drawing, colour, and correctness of detail. In this little picture the great reputation of the Chasseurs à Pieds finds its glorification, and the military bearing of the leader well represents the resolution and bravery of this picked corps. The Chasseurs à Pieds were originally but a small battalion formed by Commandant (afterwards General) Greshon, in Africa, about the year 1839. They were first of all called Tirailleurs d'Afrique; then Chasseurs de Vincennes; and soon afterwards Chasseurs à Pieds, a name which they have kept till now. Their precision in shooting and their bravery made them conspicuous, and they rapidly became popular. On their arrival in France, the King, Louis Philippe, raised the number of the battalions to ten; later their effective strength was increased to twenty. At the present time this corps is composed of thirty battalions, distributed among the various divisions of infantry. The Chasseurs à Pieds have ever been distinguished for their bravery, and few campaigns have been undertaken by the French where this bravery has not been specially remarkable. Of the officers who have had the honour of commanding this famous corps, nearly all have become Generals, and some even Field-Marschals.

NOTE.—Our readers will be interested to learn that Mr. H. H. Johnston, the well-known artist, author, and diplomatist, who has frequently contributed both with pen and pencil to the pages of *The Graphic*, has met with the favour of his Sovereign. In recognition of his services upon the Oil Rivers, at Mozambique, and in Nyasaland, Her Majesty has been pleased to confer upon him the Companionship of the Bath.



MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to his Midlothian constituents towards the end of October, after so long an absence, is, it is said, to be made the occasion for some of his most elaborate oratorical displays. The spell of his rhetoric will not, however, be allowed to remain long unbroken. At the invitation of a prominent Scottish Unionist Association, Lord Hartington, accompanied by Lord Wolmer, and other Unionist leaders, will visit Edinburgh, probably early in November, and take part in a national demonstration, which is to be held under the auspices of both sections of the Unionist party, and which will be attended by delegates from all parts of Scotland.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES came to an end with the pre-arranged cessation of hostilities at 5 P.M. on Monday, and the enemy's fleet proceeded to Torbay, that of the defenders to Portland, to be inspected by the respective admirals before dispersing. The British fleet under Admiral Tryon, though it steamed down the trade route about as far as 46 deg. 25 min. never came in sight of the enemy's, under Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, who seems to have been last heard of on Tuesday week, about thirty miles south of Cape Finisterre. By one able critic of the manœuvres, this apparent short-coming is partly attributed to the Admiralty instructions to Sir George Tryon, in forcing him to keep by him scouting cruisers which might have otherwise been sent a long distance in search of the enemy. The most important results which the manœuvres are considered to have established are (1), that without more cruisers to protect our ocean trade-routes it is to be expected that a real enemy may place himself across an ocean trade-route so as to do much damage to our commerce, and (2), that there is no portion of the English Channel which is not open to torpedo attack from the adjoining coasts of France, though from the slap-dash style of handling adopted by the commanders of the torpedo-boats in this mimic warfare, the manœuvres just concluded throw no light on the effectiveness of such an attack by a real enemy.

THE MILITARY EXHIBITION AT CHELSEA is to be followed by a Naval Exhibition, under the patronage of Her Majesty. A Council to organise the preliminary arrangements was held on Monday, the First Lord of the Admiralty in the chair, and was largely attended by naval officers of rank, and others. The Presidency of the Provisional Committee has been accepted by the Prince of Wales, and a Vice-Presidency by the Duke of Edinburgh. Sectional committees were nominated to take charge of the different departments. Guarantees to the amount of nearly 25,000l. had already, it was stated, been promised.

THE SECOND (the Northern) division of Volunteer Artillery, consisting of seventy detachments, have been busy at Shoeburyness this week. On Monday, in the competition with the 64-pounder Palliser rifled-gun at 1,900 yards, with Shrapnel shell, the first prize fell to the first detachment of the First North York (Middlesborough), which did the firing in 6 min. 22 sec. of the

ten minutes allowed. In the 40-pounder Armstrong Competition at 1,600 yards the first prize was won, on Tuesday, by the Second Detachment of the First North York in 5 min. 54 sec., seven minutes being the maximum time allowed by the rules for the four shots. In the Repository Competition of this week, the Third and Fourth Detachments of the Eighth Lancashire carried off the first prize, doing their work in 12 min. 37 sec., considerably within the twenty-two minutes allowed for the shift. On Wednesday in the 10-inch 18-ton gun competition the first prize was taken by the first and second detachments of the First Gloucester.—The Volunteer Engineer Camp at Chatham began active work at the beginning of the week for a fortnight's training in military engineering under the officers and sergeant-instructors of the Royal Engineers.

THE COMMISSIONERS FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851 decided last year on devoting 5,000l. annually to the establishment of science-scholarships to aid the most promising students in provincial colleges in completing their studies. The preparation of a scheme for the distribution and regulation of the scholarships was entrusted by them to a committee, among the members of which were Sir Lyon Playfair (chairman), Mr. Mundella, Professor Huxley, Sir Henry Roscoe, and Sir William Thomson. This scheme, which is tentative and provisional, has been approved of by the Commissioners. In order not to interfere with the increasing endowment of science-scholarships by private liberality, those established under the scheme will be of a higher than the existing order, while limited to branches of science the extension of which is specially important for our national industries. Each of them is to be of the annual value of 150l., and to be held, generally, for two years. The two great English Universities, and that of Dublin, in view of their large endowments, are excluded from the benefits of the scheme, which includes, however, along with all the chief English and Welsh Colleges, the Scottish Universities, and the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. A very noticeable feature of the scheme is its inclusion of two Canadian institutions, McGill College, Montreal, and the University of Toronto, and of four Australasian Universities—those of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and New Zealand.

THE SUM of 2,216l. has been subscribed for the testimonial to Mr. George Livesey, Chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, in recognition of his able and successful management of the Company's affairs during the gas-stokers' strike. A portion of it has been expended in two portraits of him—one to be placed in the Company's board-room, the other for Mrs. Livesey. The balance, 1,750l., was presented on Wednesday to Mr. Livesey, who said that the money would be sent to some hospital or convalescent home.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE SUCCESS last year of the strike of the London Dock Labourers, there was a numerously-attended demonstration of London working men, with bands and banners, in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon. The weather was beautiful, and a large proportion of those present enjoyed the sunshine and the green sward without paying much attention to the oratory. The principal speakers were Mr. John Burns and Mr. Tom Mann, who dilated on the largeness of the sums of money received to support the strike and to increase the wages of the men. The proceedings were orderly.

TWO GREAT FIRES broke out in London on the morning of Saturday last. One of them, extinguished with difficulty, did great damage to the premises in All Saints' Street, Caledonian Road, of Messrs. J. Thorley and Co., the well-known manufacturers of cattle foods, &c. The other, on the premises of Messrs. R. Bell and Co., match manufacturers, St. Leonard's Street, Bromley, which were considerably damaged, might have been frightfully destructive had not the building been fitted throughout with fire-extinguishing appliances, and the factories been specially constructed to prevent an outbreak of fire from spreading from floor to floor.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A settlement of the great strike in South Wales has happily been effected, at least for the time being, thanks to liberal concessions on the part of employers, and on Tuesday work was fully resumed throughout the previously-disturbed districts.—Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief Commissioner of Police, having quite recovered from the effects of his recent accident, has resumed his official duties.—No fewer than 4,800 persons on Sunday last inspected the pictures and works of Art at Grosvenor House, which was again thrown open by the Duke of Westminster to the members and friends of the National Sunday League.—The Hospitals' Association have just added three new ambulance-stations to the forty-eight already established by it this year. They are on the cab-ranks in St. James's Square, in Pickering Place, Bayswater, and in Maida Vale respectively.—A Retreat for Inebriate Women, said to be the only one of the kind in England, has been opened at Fallowfield, Manchester, in connection with the Manchester Women's Christian Temperance Association and Police-Court Mission, and under an influential committee of management. Payments are proportioned to the means of the patients.—According to the just-issued report on the railway accidents of last year, the total number of persons killed during 1889 in the working of the railways of the United Kingdom was 1,076, and the injured 4,836. Of these, 183 killed and 1,829 injured were passengers.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Miss Jennetta O. Temple, sister to the Bishop of London; in only his forty-ninth year, of Lord Justice Naish, of the Dublin Court of Appeal, previously, and in succession, during Mr. Gladstone's Premierships, Irish Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and for a brief period Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a Roman Catholic, and a Liberal; of Vice-Admiral Benjamin S. Pickard, and, in his seventieth year, of his brother Major-General James Pickard; in his seventy-ninth year, of Captain Robert B. Harvey, R.N., one of the survivors of the battle of Navarino, 20th October, 1827; in his ninety-eighth year, of Commander Joseph Irwin, R.N., who, entering the Navy in 1806, distinguished himself by his gallantry in the war against the First Napoleon, was Inspecting-Commander in Ireland for forty years, and had survived all the Naval officers of his standing, with the exception of only two; of the Rev. Father Weld, the founder of a number of Jesuit Missions in South Africa, to whom also was largely due the erection of the well-known observatory at Stonyhurst, over which Father Perry so long presided; and, in his forty-ninth year, of Mr. Charles Gibbon, at one time a novelist of some celebrity.

AMONG OTHER REASONS for the decline of the Rhodian sponge-trade, by far the most important branch of commerce carried on in the islands near Rhodes, Mr. Vice-Consul Jones cites the appearance of a submarine plant of rapid growth, which covers the sponges, and causes them to rot. Recently some specimens of this plant have been sent to be examined by scientific authorities in Europe, and it is hoped that a means will be suggested by which the evil, which has lately slightly diminished, may be wholly removed.

THE RUSSIAN JOURNAL *Vedomosti* has recently published interesting details of the traffic on the Central Asiatic Railway. The total merchandise carried has exceeded 20,000,000 poods, or about 350,000 tons; and the number of passengers 200,000. The most remarkable increase has been in cotton, which has increased from 900,000 poods in 1887, and 890,000 in 1888, to 1,776,000 in 1889. Among the Russian products exported, the most important increase is that of refined sugar, which is attaining a footing on all the markets of Central Asia.



ON Monday the curiously eventful Session of 1890 came to an end. Even in its final stage it preserved its character for originality. In ordinary circumstances, according to time-honoured usages, the Prorogation ought not to have taken place till Wednesday. Being through Committee in the Commons on Saturday, the Appropriation Bill came up on Monday for third reading, and would straightway have been passed on to the Lords, who would have read it a first time. On Tuesday the remaining stages would have been accomplished in the Lords, and on Wednesday would have come the ceremony of the Prorogation. But a Conservative Government which has boldly reformed Parliamentary procedure on more important lines did not hesitate to deal with this rusty precedent. If the Lords were so complaisant as to suspend their Standing Orders in order to carry the Appropriation Bill through all its stages, save the first, in a single day, why should they not do all the work at a single sitting?

The Lords, being consulted, agreed to take this last plunge, and so it came to pass that Monday saw a remarkable, an unprecedented, compression of Parliamentary work. The Commons, or such faithful few as were left in town, met at eleven o'clock, and read the Appropriation Bill a third time. It was handed to the gowned-and-wigged clerk from the Lords waiting at the Bar, and carried by him across the corridor. There sat the Lords, represented by the Duke of Rutland and Lord Knutsford for the Government; the Bishop of Hereford for the Church; and Lord Stratheden and Campbell for the Universe, with the Earl of Limerick on the Woolsack. The Bill, being brought in, was read a first time, read a second time, went through Committee, was reported without amendments, and read a third time as quickly as tongue and limbs could move.

There remained only the ceremony of the Royal Assent, and, at half-past five the same afternoon, Black Rod being despatched to the Commons, presently returned with the Speaker in tow (using the word, of course, in a Parliamentary sense), the Serjeant-at-Arms bearing the Mace, and some half-dozen members following, including Sir George the Dragon, faithful and fluent to the last. The quaint ceremony of giving the Royal Assent to the last batch of Bills was accomplished with due genuflection on the part of the clerks standing at the table, and thereupon the Lords Commissioners declared Parliament prorogued. The Speaker, with the Mace and the straggling troop of Commons, wended their way back to their own House. But the Mace was not placed on the table, nor did the Speaker take the Chair. He stood at the corner of the table, where the Chairman of Committee usually sits, and shook hands with a few members passing before him in single file. Last of all he himself disappeared, and presently entered the attendants covering up the benches with careful calico wraps, and till November the House of Commons disappears from daily history.

It has been a very curious Session. Things have been done that were not intended, most things intended not being done. Its last phase was worthy of its troubled record. On the very day the Appropriation Bill was brought in, usually a peaceful evening, when, all work being accomplished, the Speaker not infrequently is able to dine quietly at home, the House treated itself to an old-fashioned all-night sitting—not a half-and-half business, brought to a conclusion at two or three in the morning. It sat right off for sixteen hours and five minutes, the Speaker taking the Chair at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the Deputy Speaker leaving it at five minutes past seven on the following morning. The history of this pleasant evening holds within itself, as displayed in a mirror, all the tendencies and peculiarities of life under existing circumstances in the House of Commons.

It all arose out of a gratuitous effort on the part of the Chief Secretary to satisfy the Irish members, and make preparation for meeting anticipated trouble in Ireland consequent upon the threatened potato famine. For fully a fortnight prior to the Prorogation the Irish members had stirred up the Treasury Bench with inquiries as to the state of affairs in the West. Mr. Balfour had always shown himself fully alive to the possible seriousness of the situation. It was, he said, commanding the grave attention of the Government. That was all very well as an abstract statement; but the Irish members wanted something concrete, and at length Mr. Balfour announced that, supposing the matter were not treated as a contentious question, he was prepared to bring in a Bill which would hasten the accomplishment of the light railways, already authorised by Parliament. To that end it would be necessary to give power to the Grand Juries to meet earlier than would happen in the ordinary course of events. The Grand Juries' mandate is necessary for the appropriation of money for the purposes of the light railways, and, the light railways started, employment would be found for the population in the West of Ireland.

This proposal was hailed with an outburst of enthusiastic cheering from the Irish members, such as seldom falls upon the ears of a Chief Secretary. The stentorian voice of Mr. Healy led the cheers, and Mr. Balfour, anxious to do good by stealth, blushed to find it false. Asked when the Bill would be brought in, he answered "To-morrow," at which the Irish members renewed their outburst of grateful applause. The Chief Secretary was as good as his word. The Bill was brought in on the following day, and on Thursday it reached Committee. In the circumstances it was looked for as a matter of course that the Committee stage would be accomplished as rapidly as the Chairman could recite the Clauses. It was well known that no amendments could be introduced, amendments necessitating further discussion on the Report stage, for which another day must be found, and in view of the settled arrangements for the Prorogation, no other day was available. The Bill must either be taken or left. The main body of the Irish members, led by Mr. Sexton, frankly accepted the situation. Here was the Bill they had clamoured for. It was drafted with the single purpose of benevolently meeting the situation in the West of Ireland, and there was nothing to be done but to run it through.

The old Adam was, however, too strong for Mr. Healy. Accustomed all his Parliamentary life to "go agin' the Government," he could not vary his habit even when the Government were honestly and even generously carrying out his own desires. He began to move amendments, which were protested against by Mr. Sexton, Colonel Nolan, and other Irish patriots not less free from suspicion of unpatriotic weakness. Dr. Tanner naturally rallied to his standard; nevertheless if Mr. Labouchere had happened to have started for Wiesbaden the little *émeute* must have collapsed for want of force. But the member for Northampton joyously took up the running, Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Conynbare fell into line, and the fun began. Hour after hour it was kept up, morning breaking and finding the struggle still going on. Mr. Balfour would have been justified in withdrawing the Bill in face of this fantastic breach of faith. If he had been actuated by the mean motives habitually attributed to him he would have found the temptation irresistible. It would have been a pretty commentary on the policy of the Irish members if they had been permitted to wind up the Session with a great

victory, involving the withholding of the means of relief proffered to Ireland in the coming dark time. But the Chief Secretary, rising superior to baser impulses, stuck at his post, smiling, courteous, adroit, but firm; and, in the end, in spite of Mr. Healy and his Radical allies, work will be found for the Irish peasantry in the coming winter, and new and permanent additions will be made to the opportunities of commercial prosperity for the country. Thus, Mr. Healy's attempt to bite off Ireland's nose in order to spoil Mr. Balfour's face happily failed.



LORD BRAMWELL, referring to the censure passed on the Home Secretary for his decision in the Crewe murder-case, reports one of a somewhat, and only somewhat, analogous kind, with a similar termination, which came under his judicial cognisance thirty years or so ago. Two young men tried before him for murder, were convicted, and sentenced to death. They had waylaid their victim in order to rob him. One of them struck him on the head with a hedge-stake so violently that death ensued. Sir George Grey, the Whig Home Secretary at the time, respited the one who had not struck the fatal blow, and he was not executed, while he who had struck it was hanged.

REPORTERS OF LEGAL CASES have hitherto frequently been obliged, and not seldom within a brief period, to tell, in one form or another, the same story three times. An action is tried before a Judge. One of the parties is dissatisfied with the result, and appeals to a Divisional Court; thence the matter often goes to the Court of Appeal, and sometimes, though of course more rarely, a fourth judgment has to be given by the House of Lords. One of these too numerous opportunities for litigation is withdrawn by a Bill which Mr. Finlay, Q.C., introduced into Parliament, and which, after obtaining the disinterested support of lawyers on both sides of the House, has received the Royal Assent. The measure abolishes the intermediate appeal to the Divisional Court.

A CURIOUS CASE was tried before Mr. Baron Huddleston, at Lewes, on Monday. The plaintiff, Mr. Rasell, an artist, painted a picture for a Captain Pearson, the defendant, for which he was to be paid 15*l*, and of this sum he received 9*l* on account. The plaintiff having pawned it for 30*s*, it was not forthcoming when asked for more than once. At last the defendant had him arrested by a sergeant of military police, and after being kept in custody he was brought before a magistrate, and charged with stealing the picture, but on his giving up the pawn ticket the criminal proceedings were dropped. He brought an action, mainly for damages to compensate him for the arrest and imprisonment. For the defence it was pleaded that the plaintiff had fraudulently stolen the picture, but this plea was admitted by the defendant's counsel to be untenable. The Judge then suggesting a settlement, Captain Pearson withdrew all imputations on the plaintiff, and judgment was given for the latter, the defendant to pay him a sum, not stated, with costs.

THE ADJOURNED INQUIRY before the North London Police Magistrate into what is known as the Kingsland tragedy was closed on Tuesday. The principal witness was the landlady of the public house, soon after issuing from which two middle-aged men, Lambert a carman, and Wheeler a horsekeeper, were shot dead by the prisoner Walter Hargan, a discharged soldier, who was a few yards in advance of them, and who turning sharply round, fired at them; the catastrophe occurring between four and five in the afternoon. The landlady deposed to outrageous conduct in the public house on the part of the two men who were shot, and remembered having seen the prisoner in the house at the time. Her cross-examination was conducted apparently with the view to support a defence that the prisoner seeing their violent conduct in the public house, from which they had to be forcibly ejected, was afraid that they would attack him when he found them following him; hence their tragical end. He was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, on the charge of wilful murder.



THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.—Cardinal Newman was buried, on Tuesday, in the private burial ground at Rednall, attached to the Edgbaston Oratory, from which it is eight miles distant. The interment was preceded by a high Requiem Mass in the Oratory itself, which was crowded, the celebrant being the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham. The many Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the chapel included seventeen Bishops, the Pope being represented by Monsignor Stonor. Among the persons of distinction present were the Dukes of Norfolk and Newcastle, several other Roman Catholic peers, with Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Day. Oxford was represented by the President of Trinity, the Provost of Oriel, and Canon Paget, Professor of Pastoral Theology. His age and infirmities precluded the presence of Professor Francis Newman, the Cardinal's brother. After a eulogium on the deceased had been pronounced by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, the rite of absolution was performed by the celebrant and four other prelates. The funeral cortege then wended its way to Rednall, where the remains of Cardinal Newman were consigned to their final resting-place, the short Burial Service being led by the Senior Father of the Oratory. Appreciative references to the late Cardinal Newman were made in the sermons preached on Sunday in other than Roman Catholic Churches. At Westminster Abbey, Canon Blore in the morning and Canon Duckworth in the afternoon did justice to what was noble in his character, and on the latter occasion the anthem was his beautiful devotional lyric, written before he joined the Church of Rome, "Lead, kindly Light," in Sir John Stainer's setting. On Wednesday a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Newman was sung at Brompton Oratory, after which Cardinal Manning delivered an interesting address on the career and character of his departed friend.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Dr. Harold Browne, has, it is understood, definitively resolved on resigning before the end of the year the See which he has occupied for seventeen years.

ARCHDEACON RICHARDSON'S SUCCESSOR at Camden Church, Camberwell, will be the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of Christ Church, Somers Town, "whose firm grasp of Evangelical doctrine," the *Record* says, "will qualify him to continue the ministry of his predecessor."

THE CHANCELLOR FOR THE DIOCESE OF LINCOLN has given his decision on an application for a Faculty applied for to enable certain structural alterations to be made in the Chapel of Ease, Boston. The application, supported by the Incumbent, was opposed by the Mayor and other trustees of the chapel, on the ground that the alterations asked for were unnecessary, and that several of them were of a Romanist character. While acceding to some of the

proposals, Sir W. Phillimore refused provisionally the petition for a brass cross, two vases, and candlesticks to be placed on the Communion Table—not because they were illegal, but because he thought the congregation to be at present unprepared to receive them.

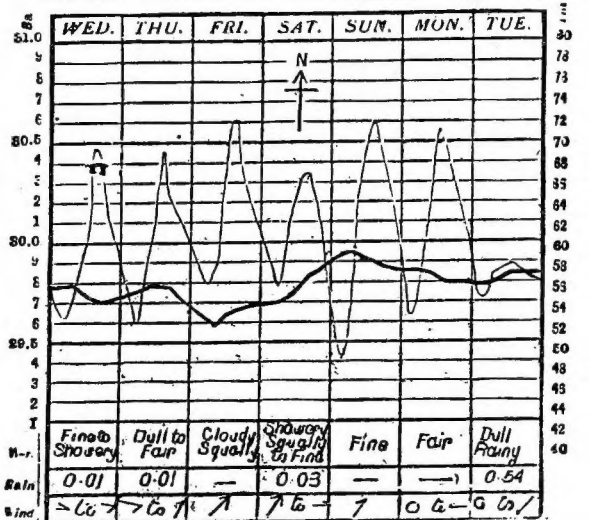
DR. HAKES, the prosecutor in the Bell-Cox case, whose appeal to the House of Lords was recently reported in our "Legal" column, says, in a letter to a Liverpool paper: "My next step is at present uncertain, and must await the result of consultation with my legal advisers. It will not be in the Secular Courts, which the Ritualists so much abuse and so readily fly to, but in the Spiritual and Ecclesiastical Courts, which they so carefully shun."

THE REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION appointed by the London Missionary Society more than a year ago contains a condemnation of celibacy as a system, and recommends a system of lay-agency, with a larger employment of Christianised natives. The friends of the Society have been formally requested to commemorate its foundation, September 21st, 1795, by keeping Founders' Week as a season of special prayer for Christian Missions.

ST. CLEMENT DANES, STRAND, has been busily engaged in sending young people and children to the seaside. On the 9th, one hundred of the poor Clare Market and Drury Lane children assembled at the church, where many of them were clothed, and after a few kindly words and prayer by the Rector, marched to London Bridge, and were despatched to West Brighton for a fortnight's holiday. At noon of the same day, fifteen flower girls and three invalids were taken for a week to Southend by Miss Pennington, who is so deeply interested in the welfare of these young people. They were all uniformly attired in blue-striped dresses and dark straw hats, trimmed with blue. On the 12th, a party from the Sunday School, numbering 300, were marshalled in the churchyard and, preceded by their Drum and Fife Band under the management of Mr. Knapp, walked in procession to Fenchurch Street, on their way to Southend, where the little London captives spent a most enjoyable day, revelling in the freedom of the seaside. Another detachment of children were collected at the church on Saturday, and sent to join their friends at West Brighton, making a total of 216. The deepest gratitude is felt by the clergy of the parish to those benefactors who, by their contributions, have lightened the hearts of many a pale-faced London child, and have set them at full liberty in the country to recruit their health and strength.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (19th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been of a changeable and unsettled character, with strong winds and heavy rains over many parts of the country. Thunderstorms have been reported in various parts of the United Kingdom. Pressure has been highest to the Southward or Westward, and lowest in depressions over the Eastern or Northern portions of the British Islands. The winds, which were at first moderate from the Northward shifted to the Westward as the week advanced, and increased to slight gale force in many parts of the country. Towards the close of the period the winds had fallen light, and varied greatly in direction. Very heavy rainfall was measured at the commencement of the time over the South of Scotland and the North-East of England, and again a little later on over the West of Ireland. Over the South of England a fair amount of bright sunshine was registered, but in most other parts of the United Kingdom the sky kept very cloudy or dull. On the whole temperature has been slightly below the average. Maxima were frequently equal to the normal, but failed to reach 75° anywhere.

The barometer was highest (29.97 inches) on Sunday (17th inst.); lowest (29.59 inches) on Friday (15th inst.); range 0.38 inch.

The temperature was highest (72°) on Friday and Sunday (15th and 17th inst.); lowest (49°) on Sunday (17th inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.59 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.54 inch on Tuesday (19th inst.).

THE PUG DOG, as a pet, has an interesting history. He was at first imported from China and Japan, and came into fashion in the reign of William III. It is stated that the King believed his life to have been saved by a dog of this breed awakening him to his danger when a murderous attack was about to be made on him.

A RUSSIAN LEGEND relates that when St. Joseph returned from his flight into Egypt, he found his shoes in great want of repair, and being aware of the excellence of leather work in Russia, sent them to Kieff to be mended, where they remained. It is now reported from Kieff that the Archbishop of St. Sophia proposes to re-sole the shoes, and then "expose them to the veneration of the faithful."

THE RAILROAD STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES for 1889 show that at the close of that year there were 161,397 miles of track, of which 5,751 were laid during the year. The gross earnings for the year were a trifle over one billion dollars, and the net earnings nearly one-third of a billion. It costs, on an average, 2.17 cents to carry a passenger one mile in the United States, and the average length of his trip is 24.17 miles. About half a billion passengers were carried; and, if their united journeys were undertaken by one person, he would have an expedition of about twelve billion miles to make.

A NEW FACTOR is entering the papermakers' market. It has been proved that the banana-plant contains a greater quantity of pure fibre than any other of the numerous vegetable products used for the manufacture of paper. During the first twelve months of its vegetation the plant only produces a single bunch of fruit, after which it dies; but from its roots four to ten young plants spring up. The adaptation of the plant to commercial purposes will, it is anticipated, revolutionise the paper-material market, and largely affect the industry. The plant is easy of cultivation, and has long since been recognised by the wandering tribes in Central America as yielding many useful adjuncts to everyday domestic requirements.



O'CONNOR
Canada

STANBURY
New South Wales

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE FOR £1,000 BETWEEN CANADA AND NEW SOUTH WALES, ROWED ON THE PARRAMAITA RIVER

RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST AT CAPE COAST CASTLE

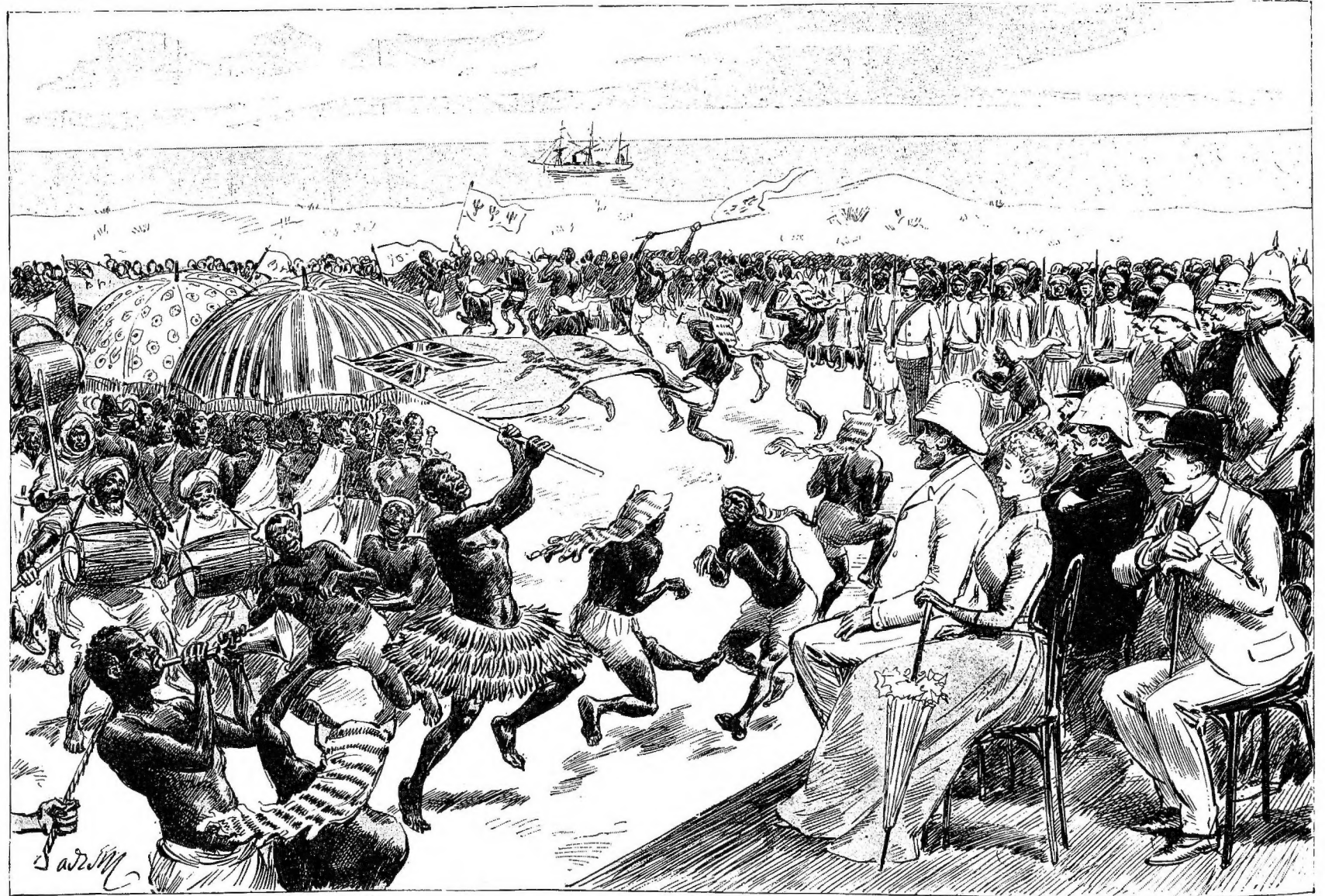
ON the 30th April last, His Excellency Sir Baldwin Griffith, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Gold Coast, landed at Cape Coast Castle from H.M.S. *Magpie*, to arrange certain official matters there. In the afternoon he was welcomed in a space on the left of the town by all the native chiefs and some thousands of natives (Fantis, Hausas, &c.) belonging to and around Cape Coast. A guard of honour of the Second West India Regiment presented arms on his arriving. The noise of the "tom-toms," trumpets, war drums, fog horns, rattles, and yells of the natives was simply deafening, as they paraded in front of the Governor and his Staff; some of them dancing wild and grotesque dances all the time. Chiefs carried flags covered with strange devices; and as they passed the platform on which the Governor was

seated, they held them out before him as a token of their faith and loyalty. The Governor having addressed a speech of welcome to them, through an interpreter, the crowds dispersed.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Fred. W. J. Airey, of H.M.S. *Magpie*, West Coast of Africa.

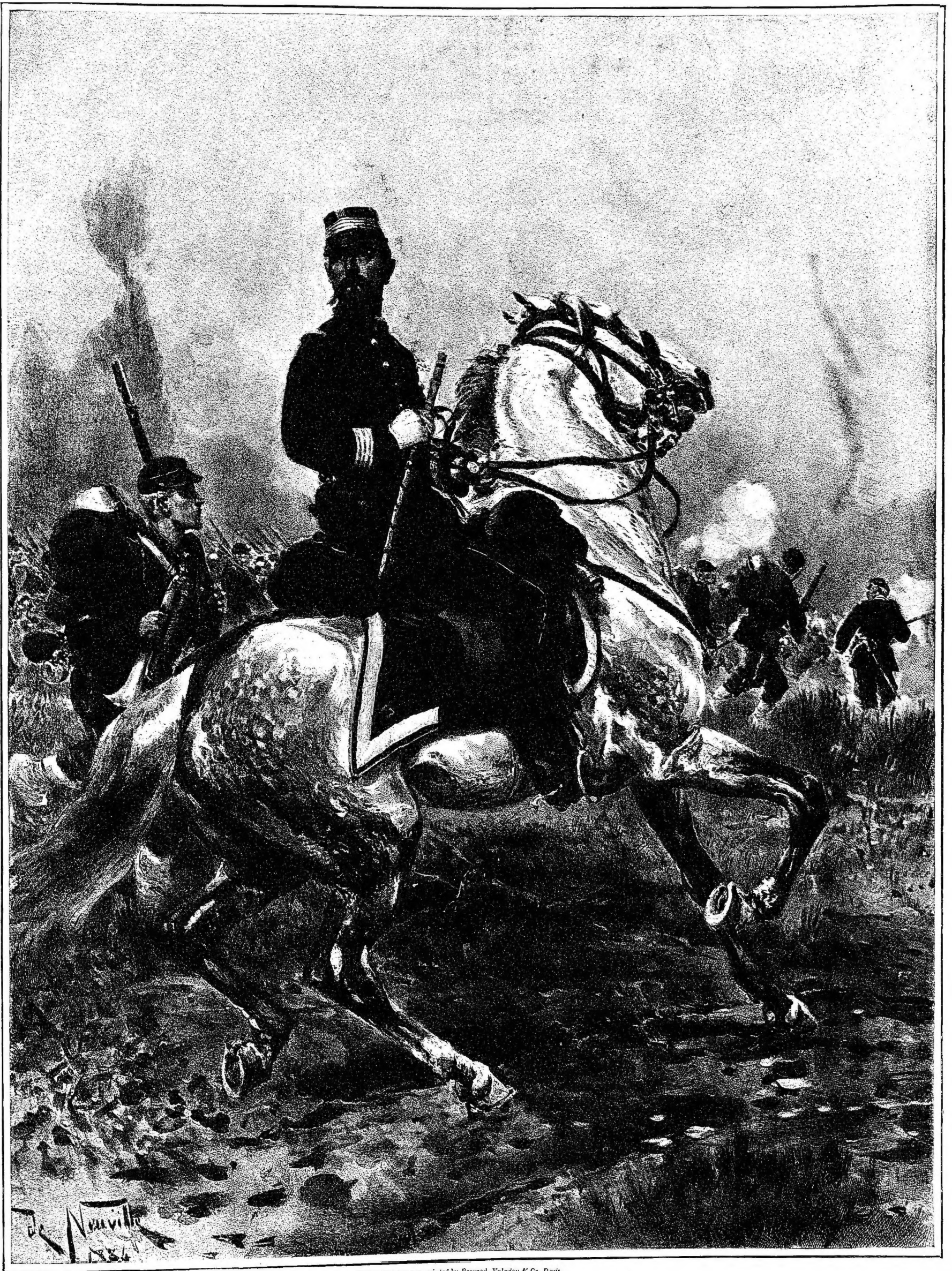
THE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING RACE

GREAT interest was taken in this event, which was decided over the Parramatta course, New South Wales, on July 1st. William O'Connor, who was born at Toronto, Canada, on May 4th, 1864, is the Sculling Champion of America. Last year he came over to this country to meet the late Henry Searle, but, after a good race, suffered defeat. Searle, it will be remembered, died of typhoid fever almost immediately on his arrival in Australia. Claims were then made to the

vacant Championship both by O'Connor and Peter Kemp, and the former went to Australia to meet his rival. It was decided, however, that before meeting Kemp O'Connor should row Kemp's pupil, James Stanbury, a very promising young sculler, only twenty-two years of age. Accordingly they met on the Parramatta River on Monday, June 23rd, but the race resulted in a *fiasco*, for after a very good struggle up to a certain point Stanbury appeared to foul O'Connor, and the latter then slowed down so much that the Australian was able to win at his ease. The Canadian's party protested, however, against the stakes being paid over, on the ground of the foul, and, after some discussion, it was decided to row the race again. The second contest took place, as above stated, on July 1st, but the result was precisely the same; and the Australian, rowing well within himself, won by five lengths.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. A. H. Fullwood, Sydney.



THE RECEPTION OF SIR BALDWIN GRIFFITH, K.C.M.G., THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE GOLD COAST, AT CAPE COAST CASTLE

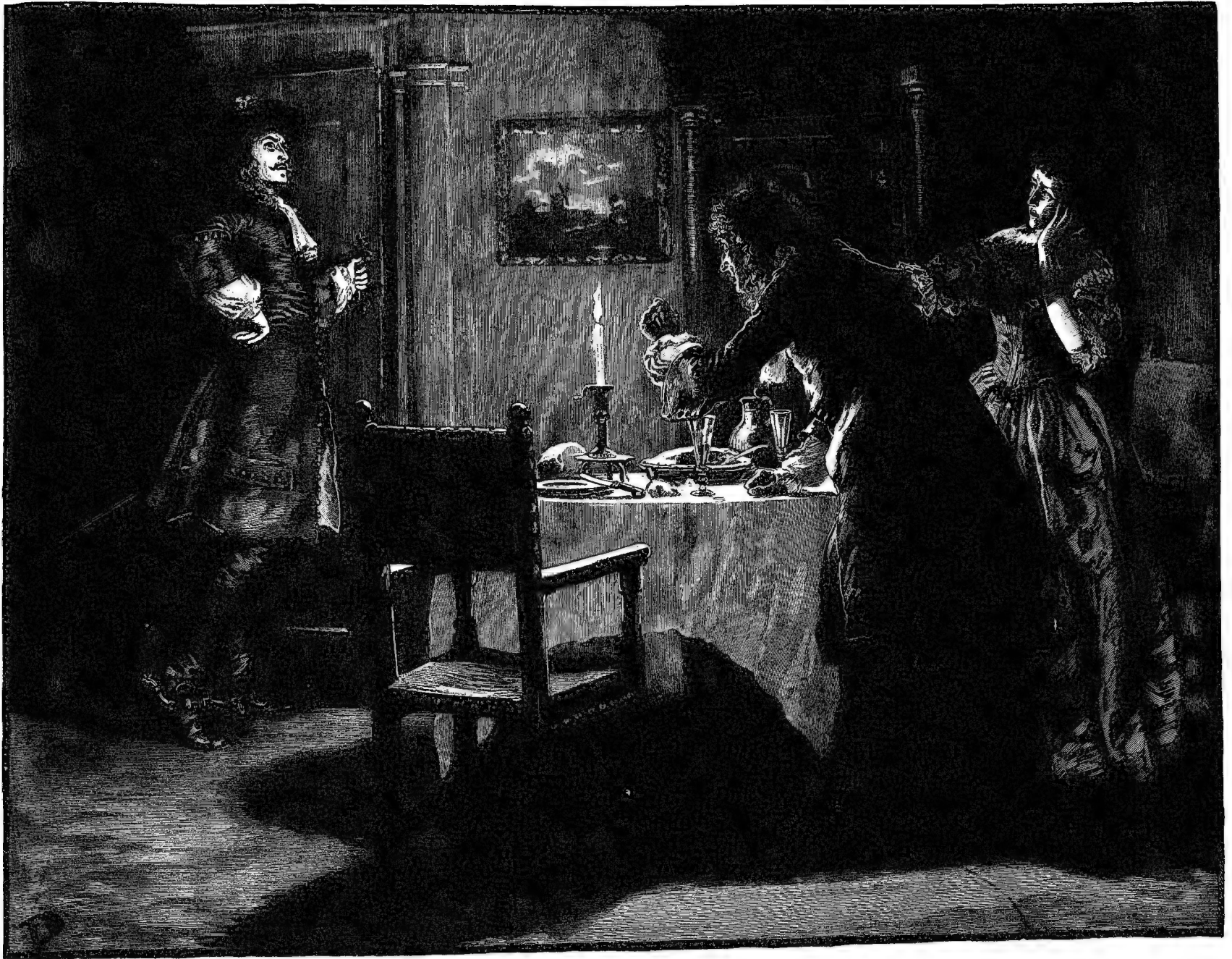


Chromotypographie printed by Bousso, Valadon & Co. Paris.

TYPES OF THE FRENCH ARMY

Chasseurs à pied

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. DE NEUVILLE



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"Now you know my mind, marry her or not as you please. That is my last word to you."

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &C.

CHAPTER XIII.

WIDOW PENWARNE

THERE are epochs in the lives of most men when a sad fatality seems to dog their steps and turn athwart all that they do. Anthony had come to such an epoch suddenly since that ride and walk along the Lyke Way. He had allowed himself to be taunted into a foolish visit to the churchyard on St. Mark's Eve, when there he had desecrated a grave, then he had thrown Madame Malvine into a fit, he had disagreed with his father, and now had injured the eye of his comrade.

Anthony's anger cooled down the moment he was aware of what he had done, but this was not a piece of mischief that could be put to rights at once like the replacing of the headpiece of the grave. His presence in the room was a distraction and cause of irritation to the man he had hurt, now in the hands of the surgeon, and he deemed it advisable to leave the inn, mount his horse, and ride away to Peter Tavy Church, where he desired to have a word with the sexton and carpenter relative to the old head-post of Malvine's grave.

Peter Tavy Church, or the Church of St. Peter on the Tavy, is a grey granite edifice, mottled with lichen, with moorstone pinnacles, and a cluster of fine old trees in the yard. Externally the church is eminently picturesque, it was beautiful within at the time of our tale, in spite of the havoc wrought in the period of the Civil War; of more recent times it has undergone a so-called restoration which has destroyed whatever of charm remained.

For a long time it has been matter of felicitation that the old opprobrium attaching to the men of the West Country of being wreckers has ceased to apply; the inhumanity of destroying vessels and their crews for the sake of the spoil that could be got from them has certainly ceased. But we are mistaken if we suppose that wrecking as a profession or pastime has come to an end altogether. The complaint has been driven inwards, or rather, wrecking is no longer practised on ships, which the law has taken under its protection, but on defenceless parish churches.

The havoc that has been wrought in our churches within the last thirty years is indescribable. In Cornwall, with ruthless and relentless activity, the parish churches have, with rare exceptions, been attacked one after another, and robbed of all that could charm and interest, and have been left cold and hideous skeletons. I know nothing that more reminds one (speaking ecclesiologically) of the desert strewn with the bones of what were once living and beautiful creatures, scraped of every particle of flesh, the marrow

picked out of their bones, the soul, the divine spark of beauty and life, expelled for ever.

No sooner does a zealous incumbent find himself in the way of collecting money to do up his church, than he rubs his hands over it and says, "Embowelled will I see thee by and by." Falstaff was fortunately able to get away from the knife. Alas! not so our beautiful old churches. The architect and the contractor are called in, and the embowelling goes on apace. All the old fittings are cast forth, the monumental slabs broken up, the walls are scraped and painted, plaster every where peeled off, just as the skin was taken off St. Bartholomew, and the shells are exulted over by architect, contractor, parson, and parishioners, as shells from which the bright soul has been expelled—*sans* beauty, *sans* interest, *sans* poetry, *sans* everything. The man of taste and feeling crosses the threshold, and falls back with the same sense as comes on the eater at a mouthful of bread from which the salt has been omitted, of something inexpressibly flat and insipid. Before its restoration, Peter Tavy Church had the remains of a beautiful roodscreen richly painted and gilt, and an unique pew of magnificent carved oak for the manorial lord to sit in, with twisted columns at the angles supporting heraldic lions.

Anthony Cleverdon dismounted from his horse at the churchyard, hitched up his beast, and entered the graveyard. He saw the sexton there, and talking to him was an old woman in threadbare dress, grey hair, very dark piercing eyes, she was bent, and leaning on a staff. The woman was a stranger, at all events he did not know her, and yet there was something in her features that seemed familiar to him. The sexton said something to her, and she at once came down the church path to meet Anthony, extending to him her hand.

"Ah!" she said. "I can see, I can see my Margaret in your face—you have her eyes, her features, and the same toss of head. I know you. You have never, maybe, heard of me, and yet I am your grandmother. Have you come here to see your mother's grave? I am glad, I am glad it is cared for, not, I ween, by your father. Which of you thinks of the mother, and has set flowers on the grave—see, it is alight with primroses?"

"I believe that was Bessie's doing," answered Anthony, then involuntarily he looked at her shabby gown, patched and worn.

"I would like to see Bessie. Is she like you? If so—she is like your mother. Ah! My Margaret was the handsomest girl in all the West of England. You have not forgotten your mother, I hope, young man."

"I do not remember her—you forget she died shortly after I was born."

"How should I know?" The old woman took his hand, and held it fast as she peered into his face with eager eyes. "How should I know, when your father never took the trouble to let me know that my own, my dear and only child, was dead? If I had known she was ill, I would have come to her, though he took, as he threatened to take, the pitchfork to me, if I crossed his threshold. I would have come and nursed her; then, maybe, she would not have died. But he did not tell me. He did not ask me to her burial, and not till long after did I hear that she was no more. He was a hard and a cruel man."

The clear tears formed in the old woman's eyes, and trickled down her cheeks.

"I have been ill all the winter, and very poor; but that was not known, and if known would not have concerned your father. When I got better, I came here to ask if I might be buried, when I die, near my Margaret. Or are you Cleverdons too great and fine now for that? Well—you will let me lie at her feet, though I was her mother, just as I have seen a dog put under the soles of the figures in old churches. You are her son, you are my own grandchild, though you have never known me and cared for me, or given me a thought. Please the Lord, you are not hard as your father, and you will grant me this."

"I did not know I had a grandmother," said Anthony. "If there is anything you want, it shall be done."

"No, I do not suppose that your father ever spoke of me. Your mother's father was the parson here, and died, leaving no money. I had to depart, and become a housekeeper to maintain myself, and what little money I then earned has been expended in my illness. Now you will let me see Bessie. She is good, she remembers her mother, and thinks of her."

Anthony endeavoured to withdraw his hand from the grasp of the old woman, but she would not suffer it; she laid the other caressingly on his, and said,

"No, my boy, you will not be unkind, you will not go from me without a promise to bring me Bessie. I must see her."

"You shall come to Hall, and see her there."

She shook her grey head, "Never! never! I could not bear to be in that house where your mother, my poor Margaret, suffered. Moreover, your father would not endure it! He threatened to take the pitchfork to me—when your mother was alive."

"He would not do that now," said Anthony. "But as you will. I will bring Bessie to you. Where shall I find you?"

"I am staying at Master Youldon's. He knew my dear husband in the old times, and knew me, and does not forget old kindnesses."

"Very well. You shall see Bessie. I have some business with the sexton."

Then he withdrew his hand from the old woman, and went to the grave of Richard Malvine, where he gave directions what was to be done to that and the headpiece.

Widow Penwarne came to him.

"What is this?" she asked. "What have you to do with this grave?"

"I have some orders to give concerning it," answered Anthony, vexed at her interference. "I will speak with you later, madam."

"But what does the grave of Richard Malvine matter to you?" again she asked. "Ah!" she exclaimed, and went and picked some of the primroses from the mound over her daughter, and then strewed them over the grave of Richard. "Ah!" she said. "Here lie two whose hearts were broken by your father—two for whom he will have to answer at the Judgment Day, and then I will stand up along with them, and point the finger at him, and accuse him. If there be a righteous God, then as He is righteous so will He judge and punish!"

"Why, well now, is not this strange?" exclaimed Anthony. "Here comes my sister Elizabeth. I wonder much what has brought her."

Bessie appeared, with a wreath of spring flowers in her hand. She had ridden, attended by a serving-man. She was surprised and pleased to see Anthony at Richard Malvine's grave.

"Oh, brother!" she said, "I have been so troubled over what had been done that I set to work to make a garland to hang on the grave, as some token of respect, and regret for what had been done."

"What, you also!" exclaimed the old woman, and went to her and clasped her hands. "You are Bessie Cleverdon, the dear child of my Margaret. Let me kiss you, ay, and bless you." She drew the head of Elizabeth to her and kissed her.

"This is our grandmother, Bessie," exclaimed Anthony.

"Ay!" said the old woman, studying the girl earnestly with her dark, eager eyes. "Yes, I am the grandmother of you both; but you are not like my Margaret, not in face, and yet not like your father—please God in heaven—not like him in soul!" she said, with vehemence.

"Let us go aside," said Anthony, "out of earshot of the sexton, if you cannot speak of my father without such an overflow of spleen."

"Then we will go to your mother's grave," said Madam Penwarne. "I see, you stand by your father; but I can see this in you—that you will stand by him so long as he does not cross your will. Let him but oppose you, young man, where your headstrong will drives, and there will be trouble between you. Then, maybe, your father will begin to receive the chastisement from the hand of the Lord that has been hanging over him ever since he took Margaret to Hall. That is a strange turn of the wheel, that his two children should meet at the grave of Richard Malvine to care for its adornment. And I warrant you do not know, either of you, what is owing to him who lies there—ay! and to her who rests at our feet."

"I can't understand riddles," said Anthony, "and it is no pleasure to me to hear hard words cast at my father. If you are in poverty, grandmother, you shall be helped. I will speak to my father about you, and when I speak he will listen, and do as is fitting. Of that be assured. If you have anything further to say of my father, say it to him, not to me."

"I will take nothing, not a farthing of his," answered the old woman, sharply.

"Why not, grandmother?" asked Bessie, gently, and kissed the old woman's quivering cheek. "It will be the greatest unhappiness to Anthony and me to think that you are not provided for in your age, and in comfort. We shall not be able to rest if we suppose that you are in want. It would fill us with concern and self-reproach. My father is just, and he also—"

"No," said the old woman, interrupting her, "just is he not. Moreover, he owes me too much—or rather he owes my dead daughter, your mother, too much—he cannot repay it: not one thousandth part: with coin. You, Elizabeth, are older than your brother. You must know that your mother's life was made miserable, that she had no happiness at Hall."

"And I trust and believe," said Bessie, "that my dear mother, in the rest of Paradise, has long ago forgotten her troubles, and forgiven my father if he in any way annoyed her."

"Do not be so sure of that, child," exclaimed the old woman, with vehemence. "If I were to go out of this life to-morrow, I should go before the throne of God to denounce your father, and I would call Richard Malvine and your mother as witnesses against him. Shall I tell you what he did? These who lie here—he yonder, where you have placed the garland, and my poor Margaret—loved each other, and would have been happy with each other. But her father died, I was poor, and then for the sake of his money, Margaret was persuaded to take Anthony Cleverdon, and give up Richard Malvine."

"If that be so—" began young Anthony—

"It is so," said the old woman, vehemently.

"Then the blame lies with you," said he. "You pressed her to take the rich man and refuse the poor. My father was guiltless."

The widow drew back and trembled; but presently recovered herself and said, "That may be—I bear in part the blame. But if he had been kind to her it would have been other. I would not reproach him; but it was not so, and Bessie was old enough to remember that little love passed between them, that he was hard, and cruel, and unkind. He broke her heart—and there she lies."

"I am not here," said Anthony, "to hear my father reproached. I respect you as my grandmother; but you have doubtless a jaundiced eye, that sees all things yellow. I will see what can be done for you. It does not befit us that the mother of our mother should be in want."

As they spoke, from out of the church came Luke Cleverdon. His face was pale, and his eyes were sunken. The sexton had not known that he was in the sacred building. Luke came towards the little group, treading his way among the graves with care. The tomb of the Cleverdons was near the chancel south window. He extended his hand to Mistress Penwarne, saying, "I was within. It was not my fault if I heard much that was said; and now I have but come into your midst, Anthony, Bessie, and you, Madam, to make a humble petition. I am curate in charge here; the rector is not resident. I live in the old parsonage, that must be so familiar to Mistress Penwarne—every room hallowed with some sweet recollection—and I am alone, and need a kinswoman to be my housekeeper, and"—he smiled at the old woman—"be to me as a mother. Madam, will you honour my poor roof by taking up your abode therein? It is, forsooth, more yours than mine, for there you lived your best days, and to it you are attached by strongest ties; and I am but a casual tenant. It is not mine—I am but the curate. Here we have no continuing city, and every house is to us but a tavern on our pilgrimage where we stay a night."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CLEAVE

THROUGHOUT the day Willsworthy was full of visitors. Never before had it been so frequented. The act of Anthony Cleverdon had been bruited through the neighbourhood, and aroused general indignation against the young man and sympathy for the widow.

Mistress Malvine was sufficiently recovered in the afternoon to

receive some of those who arrived in her bedroom, and Mr. Solomon Gibbs entertained the rest in the hall. Those who had known the Malvines well—there were not many—and those who knew them distantly, persons of the gentle class, of the yeoman and farmer ranks—all thought it incumbent on them to come, express their opinions, and inquire after the widow. Not only did these arrive, but also many cottagers appeared at the kitchen door, full of sympathy—or at all events, of talk. It really seemed as if Willsworthy, which had dropped out of every one's mind, had suddenly claimed supreme regard.

It was a source of real gratification to the sick woman to assume a position of so much consequence. It is always a satisfaction to hear other persons pour out the vials of wrath and hold up hands in condemnation of those who have given one offence, and Madame Malvine was not merely flattered by becoming the centre of interest to the neighbourhood, but was influenced by the opinions expressed in her ear, and her indignation against Anthony was deepened.

Wherever in the house Urith went, she heard judgment pronounced on him in no measured terms. The general voice condemned him as heartless and profane. Question was made what proceeding would be taken against him, and abundance of advice was offered as to the course to be pursued to obtain redress. Urith was unable to endure the talk of the women in her mother's room, and she descended to the hall, there to hear her Uncle Solomon, amidst farmers and yeomen, tell the story of Anthony's deed with much exaggeration, and to hear the frank expressions of disapproval it elicited.

Then she went into the kitchen where the poorer neighbours were congregated. Everywhere it was the same. Condemnation fell on Anthony. No one believed that he had not acted in wilful knowledge of what he was about.

Urith could not fail to observe that there was a widespread latent jealousy and dislike of the Cleverdons in the neighbourhood, occasioned partly, no doubt, by the success of the old man in altering his position and entering a superior class, but chiefly due to his arrogance, hardness, and meanness. All the faults in Anthony's character were commented on, and his good qualities denied or disparaged.

Urith could with difficulty restrain herself from contradicting these harsh judges, and in talking on her the defence of the culprit, but she saw clearly that her advocacy would be unavailing, and provoke comment.

She therefore left the house. Her mother was so much recovered as not to need her. Whether the old lady acted wisely in receiving so much company after her fit, Urith doubted, but her mother had insisted on the visitors being admitted to her room, and under the excitement she rallied greatly.

To be away from the clatter of tongues, she left the farm, and went forth upon the moor.

To the north of Willsworthy rises a ridge of bold and serrated rocks that soar precipitously above the River Tavy, which foams below at a depth of three hundred feet; they present the appearance of a series of ruined towers, and are actually in places united by the remains of ancient walls of rude moorstone, for what purpose piled up it is not possible to say.

A bar of red porphyritic granite crosses the ravine, and over this leaps the river into a deep pool, immediately beneath the boldest towers and pinnacles of rock that overhang. Among these crags, perched like an eagle above the dizzy abyss, sat Urith on a slab, listening to the roar of the river waited up to her from beneath. Away to the north and east the moor extended, shoulder on shoulder, to the lonely peak of Fur Tor, that rises in uttermost solitude near the sources of the Tavy amidst all but untraversable morasses. She was glad to be there, alone, away from the lips that spit their venom on the name of Anthony.

The human heart is full of strange caprices, and is wayward as a spoiled child. The very fact that the whole country side was combined to condemn Anthony made Urith in heart exculpate him—that every mouth blamed him made her excuse him. It was true that he had acted with audacious folly, but there was merit in that audacity. What other youth would have ventured into the churchyard on such a night? The audacity so qualified the folly as almost to obliterate it. He had been challenged to the venture. Would it have been manly had he declined the challenge? Did not the blame attach to such as had dared him to the reckless deed? She repeated to herself the words that had been spoken in her mother's house about him, so extravagant in expression, so exaggerated in judgment as to transcend justice, and her heart revolted against the extravagance, and forgave him. If all the world stood up in condemnation, yet would not she. Her cheeks flushed and her eye sparkled. She recalled his chivalry towards her on the moor; she heard again his voice, recollected how he had held her in his arms, she felt again the throb of his heart, heard his breathing as he strode with her through the flames, as he wrestled with her for the mastery; and she laughed aloud, she rejoiced that he had conquered. Had she overmastered him, and her will had been submitted to by him, she would have despised him. Because he was so strong in his resolution, so determined in carrying it out, she liked and respected him.

There flashed before her something like lightning—it was his eyes, lifted to hers, with that strange look that sent a thrill through all her veins and tingled in her extremities. That look of his had revealed to her something to which she dare not give a name, a something which gave him a right to demand of her that morning testimony to his integrity of purpose, a something that constrained her, without a thought of resistance, to give him what he asked, first her hand in witness that she believed him, then the bunch of flowers in token that she accepted him as her knight. As her knight?

Her heart bounded with pride and exultation at the thought! He her knight! He, the noblest youth in all the region round, a very Saul, taller by the head and shoulders than any other, incomparably handsome, more manly, open, generous, brave—brave! who feared neither man nor midnight spectre.

Yet—when Julian Crymes had charged her with attempting to rob her of her lover, she, Urith, had repelled the charge, and had declared that she did not value, did not want him. Nor had she then; but the very violence, the defiance of Julian had forced her to think of him—to think of him in the light of a lover. The opposition of Julian had been the steel stroke on her flinty heart that had brought out the spark of fire. If anything had been required to fan this spark into flame, that had been supplied by the chattering, censorious swarm of visitors that afternoon.

And Anthony? How stood he?

At that moment he was weighed down with a sense of depression and loneliness such as he had never felt previously. He had been accustomed to be flattered and made a great deal of. His father, his sister, his cousin, the servants, Fox Crymes, every one had shown him deference, had let him see that he was esteemed a man born to fortune and success; he had been good at athletic exercises, good in sport, a good horseman, taller, stronger than his peers, and heir to a wealthy gentleman. But all at once luck had turned against him; he had committed blunders, and had injured those with whom he had come in contact—possibly blinded Fox, had offended the Malvine family, thrown the old dame into a fit, had quarrelled with his father, brought down on his head the reproach and ridicule of all who knew him. Then came the encounter with his grandmother, and the discovery of the wrong done to his mother and to the father of Urith by his own father. Bold, self-opinionated

as Anthony was, yet this sudden shock had humbled him and staggered him: he had fallen from a pinnacle and was giddy. A sort of irrational, blind instinct within him drove him back in the direction of Willsworthy. He felt that he could not rest unless he saw Urith again, and—so he explained his feeling—told her more fully the circumstances of the previous night's adventure, and heard from her own lips that her mother was not seriously injured in health by the distress he had caused her, and that she, Urith, forgave him.

His imagination worked. He had not been explicit enough when he came to Willsworthy. The fainting fit of the mother had interrupted his explanation. Afterwards he had forgotten to say what he had intended to say, and what ought to have been said. When he was gone, Urith would consider it strange that he had been so curt and reserved, she would hear her Uncle Solomon's stories, tinged with rum punch past recognition of where truth shaded into fiction.

Moreover, he felt a craving for Urith's sympathy; he wanted to acquaint her with what he had done to Fox Crymes before the story reached her embellished and enlarged. To his discredit it would be told, and might prejudice her against him. He must forestall gossip and tell her the truth himself.

So he rode in the direction of Willsworthy, but when he came near the place, an unusual diffidence stole over him—he did not dare to venture up to the house, and he hung about the vicinity in the road, then he went out on the moor, and it was when on the down that he thought he caught sight of her at some distance in the direction of the Cleave.

A labourer came by. "Who is that yonder?" he asked.

"I reckon any fool knows," answered the clown. "That be our young lady, Mistress Urith."

"Take my horse, fellow," said Anthony, and dismounted.

He went over the moor in pursuit of the girl, and found her seated on the rock with a foot swinging over the precipice. She was so startled when he spoke to her as almost to lose her balance. He caught her hand, and she rose to her feet.

They stood on a ledge. Two towers of rock rose with a cleft between them like a window. The shelves of the granite were matted with whortleberry leaves, now all ranges of colour from green, through yellow to carmine, and with grey moss. A vein of porphyry penetrating the granite striped it with red, and Nature had tried her delicate pencil on the stone, staining or stippling with her wondrously soft-toned lichenous paints. Below, at the depth of five hundred feet, the river roared over its red porphyry barrier, throwing into the air foam bubbles that were caught by the wind and carried up, and danced about and sported with as are feathers by a wanton child. The great side of Stannon Down opposite, rising to sixteen hundred feet, was covered by flying shadows of forget-me-not blue and pale sulphurous gleams of sun. As the light glided over it, it picked out the strange clusters of old circular huts and enclosures, some with their doors and lintels unthrown down, that were inhabited by an unknown race before history began.

Anthony put his arm round Urith. "We stand," said he, "on the edge of a chasm, a step, a start, and one or other—perhaps both—fall into the abyss to sheer destruction. Let me hold you; I would not let you go—if you went, it would not be alone."

Urith did not answer; a trembling fit came on her. She stood, she felt, at the brink of another precipice than that before here.

"I could not keep away," said Anthony. "I have got into trouble with every one, and I was afraid that you also would be set against me; so, after I had been to see about your father's grave, that all was right there—and Bessie had laid a garland of flowers on it—then I came back here. I thought I must see you, and explain what I forgot to say this morning."

"You need say no more about that matter," answered Urith. "I told you at the time that I believed your word. You said you intended no ill. I am sure of that, quite sure. I know it is not in you to hurt."

"And yet I have hurt you and your mother, and also Fox Crymes." Then he told her how he had struck him, and that he was afraid he had seriously injured his eye.

"And you have brought back the gloves!" exclaimed Urith.

"Yes; here they are."

"You have not fulfilled my commission?"

"I will do it if you wish it; I have not done it yet. I was going to give Fox the gloves; I did not desire to see Julian. You must understand that my father has been speaking to me to-day about Julian—it seems he has set his mind on making a pair of us. I do not know what Julian thinks, but I know my own mind, that this is not my taste. After he had spoken to me about her, I could not go on direct to her house and see her. My father would think that I gave in to him, and—I should have been uneasy myself."

Urith said nothing, she was looking down at the tossing, thundering torrent far below.

"I never cared much for Julian," continued Anthony, "and after yesterday I like her less."

"Why so?" Urith looked up and met his eyes.

"Why so? Because I have seen you. If I have to go through life with any one, I will take you in the saddle behind me—no one else."

Urith trembled more than before; a convulsive, irrepressible emotion had come over her. Sometimes it happens when the heavens are opened with a sudden flare of near and dazzling lightning that those who have looked up have been struck with blindness. So was it now; Urith had seen a heaven of happiness, a glory of love—a new and wondrous world open before her, such as she had never dreamt of, of which no foretaste had ever been accorded her, and it left her speechless, with a cloud before her eyes, and giddy, so that she held out her hands gropingly to catch the rock; it was unnecessary, the strong arm of Anthony held her from falling.

The young man paused for an answer.

"Well!" said he. "Have you no word?"

None; she moved her lips, she could not speak.

"Come," said he, after another pause, "they who ride pillion ride thus—the man has his leather belt, and to that the woman holds. Urith, if we are to ride together on life's road, lay hold of my belt."

She held out her hands, still gropingly.

"Stay!" she said, suddenly recovering herself with a start. "You forget; you do not know me. Look at my hands, they are still torn; I did that in one of my fits of rage. Do you not fear to take me when I go, when crossed, into such mad passion as these hands show?"

Anthony laughed. "I fear! I!"

Then she put her right hand to lay hold of his girdle, but caught and drew out the gloves.

"I have these again!" she exclaimed. "Even these gloves, cast at me in defiance. Well, it matters not now. I refused to take them up, yet I could not shake them off; now I take them and keep them. I accept the challenge." She grasped him firmly by the girdle, and with the other hand thrust the gloves into her bosom.

"I do not understand you," said Anthony.

"There is no need that you should."

Then he caught her up in his arms, with a shout of exultation, and held her for a moment hanging over the awful gulf beneath.

She looked him steadily in the eyes. She doubted neither his strength to hold her, nor his love.

Then he drew her to him and kissed her. It is said that the sun dances on Easter Day in the morning. It was noon now, but the sun danced over Urith and Anthony. "And now," said the latter, "about your mother. Will she give her consent?" "And your father?" asked Urith. "Oh, my father!" repeated Anthony, scornfully, "whatsoever I will, that he is content with. As to your mother—" "I know what I will do," said Urith; "Luke has great influence with her. I will tell him all, and get him to ask her to agree and bless us. Luke will do anything I ask of him."

CHAPTER XV.

FATHER AND SON

WHEN Anthony came home, he found that his father had been waiting supper awhile for him, and then as he did not arrive, had ordered it in, and partaken of the meal.

The old man's humour was not pleasant. He had been over that afternoon to Kilworthy, and had heard of his son's act of recklessness. Fears were entertained for Fox's sight in one eye. He was ordered to have the eye bandaged, and to be kept in the dark.

When Anthony entered the room where was his father, the old man looked up at him from the table strewn with the remains of his meal, and said, roughly, "I expect regular hours kept in my house. Why were you not here at the proper time? About any new folly or violence?"

Anthony did not answer, but seated himself at the table. "I have been to Kilworthy," said the old man, "I have heard there of your conduct."

"Fox insulted me. You would not have me endure an insult tamely?" His father's tone nettled the young man.

"Certainly not; but men pink each other with rapiers, instead of striking with lace tags."

"That is the first time any one has let fall that I am not a man," said Anthony.

There was always a certain roughness, a lack of amiability in the behaviour of father to son and son to father, not arising out of lack of affection, but that the old man was by nature coarse-grained, and he delighted in seeing his son blunt and brusque. He—young Tony—was no milksop, he was proud to say. He was a lad who could hold his own against any one, and fight his way through the world. The old man was gratified at the swagger and independence of the youth, and at every proof he gave of rude and overbearing self-esteem. But he was not pleased at the brawl with Fox Crymes; it was undignified for one thing, and it caused a breach where he wished to see union. It threw an impediment in the way of the execution of a darling scheme, a scheme on which his heart had been set for twenty years.

"I do not know what it was about," said the father, "more than that I had heard you had been squabbling in an alehouse about some girl."

"The insult or impertinence was levelled at me," said Anthony, controlling himself; "I did not mean to injure Fox, on that you may rely. I struck him over the face because he had whipped me into anger which I could not contain. I am sorry if I have hurt his eye. I am not sorry for having struck him, he brought it on himself."

"It is not creditable," pursued old Cleverdon, "that your name should be brought into men's mouths about a vulgar brawl over some village drab or house-wench."

The blood surged into Anthony's face, he laid down his knife and looked steadily across the table at his father.

"On that score," said he, "you may set your mind at rest. There has been no brawl over any village wench."

"I can quite understand," said the father, "that Fox Crymes was jealous and did not measure words. He can pepper and spice his speeches till they burn as cantharides. What is he beside you? If you cast a fancy here or there, and there be naught serious in it, and it interferes with his sport, he must bear it. But, Tony, it is high time you was married. We must have no more of these wrangles. Whose name came up between you? Was it his sister's? I can well understand he does not relish her marriage. There has ever been rough water between them. She has the property, and when old Justice Crymes dies—where will he be? Was that the occasion of the dispute?"

"No, father, it was not." "Then it was not about Julian?" "About Julian? Certainly not." "Nor about some village girl?" "Nor about any village girl, as I have said."

"Then what was it about? or rather, about whom was it?" "There is no reason why you should not know," answered Anthony, with coolness, "though that is a side matter. Fox told me that a suitable ornament for my cap was a cockcomb. That is why I struck him."

The old man laughed out. "You did well to chastise him for that."

"As you asked what girl's name was brought up, I will tell you," said Anthony. "It was that of Urith Malvine."

"Urith Malvine!" scoffed old Cleverdon, his eyes twinkling malevolently. "Not surprised at that light hussy bringing herself into men's mouths in a tavern."

"Father!" exclaimed the young man, "not a word against her. I will not bear that from you or from any man."

"You will not bear it!" almost screamed old Anthony. "You—you! make yourself champion of a beggar brat like that?"

"Did you hear my words?" said the young man, standing up. "No one—not even you—shall speak against her. It was because Fox sneered at her that I struck him; he might have scoffed at me and I would have passed that over."

"And you threaten me? You will knock out my eye with your tags?"

"I merely warn you, father, that I will not suffer her name to be improperly used. I cannot raise my hand against you, but I will leave the room."

"It is high time you were married. By the Lord! you shall be married. I will not be respied like this."

"I will marry when I see fit," said Anthony.

"The fitness is now," retorted his father. "When a young gallant begins to squabble at village mug-houses about—"

"Father!"

"The near time is ripe. I will see Squire Crymes about it tomorrow."

"I am not going to take Julian Crymes."

"You shall take whom I choose."

"I am to marry—not you, father; accordingly, the choice lies with me."

"You cannot choose against my will."

"Can I not? I can choose where I list."

"Anyhow, you cannot take where I do not allow. I will never allow of a wife to you who is not of good birth and rich."

"Of good birth she is—she whom I have chosen. rich she is not, but what matters that when I have enough?"

"Are you mad?" screamed the old man, springing from his chair, and running up and down the room, in wild excitement.

"Are you mad? Do you dare tell me you have chosen, without consulting me—without regard for my wishes?"

"I shall take Urith, or none at all."

"Then none at all," snapped old Cleverdon. "Never, never

will I consent to your bringing that hussy through my doors, under my roof."

"What harm has she done you? You have not heard a word against her. She is not rich, but not absolutely poor—she has, or will have, Willsworthy."

"Willsworthy! What is that compared with Julian's inheritance?"

"It is nothing. But I don't want Julian, and I will not take her for the sake of her property. Come, father, sit down, and let us talk over this matter coolly and sensibly."

He threw himself into a chair, and laid his hands on the arms, and stretched his legs before him.

The Squire stopped, looked at his son, then staggered back to his chair as if he had been struck in the breast. He thought his son must have lost his wits. Why—he had not known this girl, this daughter of his most deadly enemy, more than a day, and already he was talking of making her his wife! And this, too, to the throwing over of his grand opportunity of uniting the Kilworthy property to Hall!

"Come, father, sit down, and keep cool. I am sorry if you prefer Julian to Urith, but unfortunately the selection has to be made, not by you, but by me, and I greatly prefer Urith to Julian. Indeed, I will not have the latter at any price—not if she inherited all the Abbey lands of Tavistock. You are disappointed, but you will get over it. When you come to know Urith you will like her; she has lost her father—and she will find one in you."

"Never!" gasped the old man; then with an oath, as he beat his fist on the table, "Never!"

Bessie heard that high words were being cast about in the supper-room, and she opened the door and came in with a candle, on the pretence that she desired to have the table cleared if her brother had done his meal.

"You may have all taken away," said Anthony. "My father has destroyed what appetite I had."

"Your appetite," stormed the old man, "is after most unwholesome diet; you turn from the rich acres to the starving peat-bog. By heaven! I will have you shut up in a madhouse along with your wench. I will have a summons out against her at once. I will go to Fernando Crymes for it—it is sheer witchcraft. You have not seen her to speak to half-a-dozen times. You never came to know her at all till you had played the fool with her father's grave, and now—By Heaven, it is witchcraft! Folks have been burnt for lighter cases than this."

Bessie went over to her father, and put her arms round him, but he thrust her away. She looked appealingly to her brother, but Anthony did not catch her eye.

"I do not see what you have against Urith," said Anthony, after a long pause, during which the old man sat quivering with excitement, working his hands up and down on the arms of his chair, as though polishing them. "That she is not rich is no fault of hers. I have seen her often, and have now and then exchanged a word with her, though only yesterday came to see much of her, and have a long talk with her. I did her a great wrong by my desecration of her father's grave."

"Oh! you would make that good by marrying the daughter. Well, you have put out Fox's eye. Patch that up by marrying his sister." The old man's voice shook with anger.

Anthony exercised unusual self-control. He knew that he had reached a point in his life when he must not act with rashness; he saw that his father's opposition was more serious than he had anticipated. Hitherto he had but to express a wish, and it was yielded to. Occasionally he had had differences with the old man, but had invariably, in the end, carried his own point. He did not doubt even now that finally his father would give way, but clearly not till after a battle of unusual violence; but it was one in which he was resolved not to yield. His passion for Urith was of sudden and also rapid growth, but was strong and sincere. Moreover, he had pledged himself to her, and could not draw back.

Bessie was resolved at all costs to divert the wrath of her father from Anthony, if possible to turn his thoughts into another channel; so she said, stooping to his ear,—

"Father; dear father! We met to-day our grandmother in the churchyard."

The old man looked inquiringly at her.

"Madam Penwarne," exclaimed Bessie.

He had forgotten for the moment that she could have a grandmother on any other side than his own, and he knew that his mother was long dead.

"Yes, father," said Bessie. "And she says that Anthony is the living image of our dear, dear mother."

The old man turned his eyes slowly on his son. The light of the candle was on his face, bold, haughty, defiant, and wonderfully handsome. Yes! he was the very image of his mother, and that same defiant smile he had inherited from her. The old man in a moment recalled many a wild scene of mutual reproach and stormy struggle. It was as though the dead woman's spirit had risen up against him to defy him once more, and to strike him to the heart.

Then Anthony said, "It is true, father. We both of us met her; and it is unfit that she should find a shelter elsewhere than in this house. Something must be done for her."

"Oh! you will teach me my duty! She is naught to me."

"But to us she is. She is the mother of our mother," answered Anthony, looking straight into his father's eyes, and the old man lowered his; he felt the reproach in his son's words and glance.

Then he clenched his hands and teeth, and stood up, and wrung his hands together.

Presently, with a gasp, he said, "Because I married a beggar, is this mating with beggars to be a curse in the family from generation to generation, entailed from father to son. It shall not be; by heaven! it shall not be. You have had your own way too long. Anthony! I have borne with your whimsies, because they were harmless. Now you will wreck your own happiness, your honour, make yourself the laughing-stock of the whole country! I will save you from yourself. Do you hear me? I tried the sport, and it did you not answer. I had wealth and she beauty, and beauty alone. It did not answer. We were cat and dog—your mother and I. Bessie knows it. She can bear me witness. I will not suffer this house to be made a hell of again."

"Father," said Anthony, "it was not that which caused you unhappiness—it was that you had interfered with the love of two who had given their hearts to each other."

Bessie threw herself between her father and brother. "Oh Anthony! Anthony!" she cried.

"You say that!" exclaimed the old man.

"I do—and now I warn you not to do the same thing. Urith and I love each other, and will have each other."

"I tell you I hate the girl—she shall never come here."

"Father," said Anthony—his pulses were beating like a thundering furious sea against cliffs, as a raging gale flinging itself against the moorland tors—"father, I see why it is that you are against Urith. You nourish against her the bitterness you felt against her father. You laughed and were pleased when I had dishonoured his grave. That surprised me. Now I understand all, and now I am forced to speak out the truth. You did a wrong in taking our mother away from him whom she loved, and then you taking our mother away from him whom she loved, and then you nothing else against Urith—nothing. That she is poor is no crime."

Bessie clasped her arms about the old man. "Do not listen to him," she said. "He forgets his duty to you, only because he

has been excited and wronged to-day." Then to her brother: "Anthony! do not forget that he is your father, to whom reverence is due."

Anthony remained silent for a couple of minutes, then he stood up from his chair, and went over to the old man. "I was wrong," he said. "I should not have spoken thus. Come, father, we have had little puffs between us, never such a bang as this. Let it be over; no more about the matter between us for a day or two, till we are both cool."

"I will make an end of this affair at once," said Squire Cleverdon. "What is the good of putting off what must be said?—of expecting a change which will never take place? You shall never—never obtain my consent. So give up the hussy, or you shall rue it."

"Nothing is gained, father, by threatening me. You must know that. I have made up my mind." He folded his arms on his breast.

"And so have I mine," answered old Cleverdon, folding his arms.

Father and son stood opposite each other, hard and fixed in their resolves—both men of indomitable, inflexible determination.

"Hear mine," said the Squire; "you give the creature up. Do you hear?"

"I hear and refuse. I will not, I cannot give up Urith. I have pledged my word."

"And here I pledge mine!" shouted the old man.

"No—no, in pity, father! O, Anthony, leave the room!" pleaded Bessie, again interposing, but again ineffectually; her brother swept her aside, and refolded his arms, confronting his father.

"Say on!" he said, with his eyes fixed on the old man.

"I swear by all I hold sacred," exclaimed the father, "that I will never suffer that beggar-brat to cross my threshold. Now you know my resolution. As long as I am alive, she shall be kept from it by my arms, and I shall take care that she shall never rule here when I am gone. Now you know my mind, marry her or not as you please. That is my last word to you."

"Your last word to me!" repeated Anthony. He set his hat on his head, the hat in which hung the utterly withered marsh marigolds. "Very well; so be it." He walked to the door, passed through, and slammed it behind him.

(To be continued)



"TRUTH WITH HONOUR," by Christabel R. Coleridge and M. Bramston (1 vol.: W. Smith and Innes), recalls pleasant memories of the first-named author's "An English Squire," inasmuch as it enables the reader of both to follow the further fortunes of the Lester family. How far the absence of a previous acquaintance with Alvar, John, and Cheriton Lester will be found a disadvantage by those who do not possess it, we are not in a position to settle; we fear, however, that it may, as nearly always in similar cases, prove considerable. The central interest of "Truth with Honour" is a question of casuistry. Gwendolen and Maisie Despard are half-sisters, brought up separately until both are grown up, and of very opposite characters. Gwendolen is an embodiment of conscientiousness; Maisie of affection. It so happens that there seems to them to be no way of saving their dead father's good name, and of fulfilling his last wish, but by telling and living a lie. Gwendolen's transparent nature and sensitive conscience cannot bear the stain; she feels that no sort of goodness is thenceforth worth her while, and she bids fair to make a wreck of her life altogether. Maisie's experience is of a very different order; she seems intended to illustrate a distinction between real and verbal truth which, however sound it may be, would not, in practice, prove a sufficiently safe guide for general adoption. As a matter of speculation the question, especially when pointed by so charming and sympathetic an illustration as Maisie, will be found entertaining, if not particularly valuable or convincing, and the family group of the Lesters, Despards, and Inglestons is delightfully lifelike, natural, and full of character.

The anonymous novel called "An Australian Girl" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is exceptionally clever and interesting, without being by any means altogether satisfactory; too clever it will be called by many readers, who will fail to appreciate Stella Courtland's qualities of mind, and her remarkable gift, even in her intimate correspondence, of literary expression. Why such stress should be laid by the title upon her being an Australian girl, we cannot tell; so far from being typical of the Antipodes, she might be an English or American girl, without her story, or her character, or her manners being in the slightest degree modified. Nor would that story have been any the worse, but a very great deal the better, by being made to end happily in the most conventional manner. One is led to think at first that the author (or authors?) intended to show the worthlessness of intellectual culture and liberty as armour against the sorrows and troubles of life, and to lead Stella back through a course of suffering to the faith of which her philosophical studies had deprived her. She does return to her Church at last; but only as a sort of miserable compensation for a lover from whom she had been parted by the stale artifice of a suppressed letter. It is altogether a case for poetical justice; not for a singularly inappropriate lesson in pessimism. The girl's character, however, is admirably drawn; and the descriptive portions, dealing with the Australian life and nature of which Stella is accidentally the centre, are alone sufficient to raise this otherwise unequal novel above the average.

"Jack Abbott's Log: A Yarn of the Merchant Service," by Robert Brown (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), suggests the influence of Mr. Clark Russell, not only in its subject, but in many of its features and even mannerisms; including a remarkable contrast between the author's awkwardness on shore and his ease on board. Jack Abbott's own yarn is not of much account; it includes the regulation desert island, and the discovery of hidden treasure, and similarly familiar incidents. But some of the yarns of his seamen are worth telling, if only because one can so well imagine them to have been really told. Without any literary or artistic merit whatever, the volume is rendered attractive by the much rarer merits of sincerity and simplicity; it is very much what a real Jack Abbott might have written, who had the luck to have known a real Mr. and Mrs. Barnes.

"Expiation," by Octave Thanet (1 vol.: F. Warne and Co.), is a story of Arkansas, towards the close of the Civil War; it would be rather a good book, of the exciting and adventurous sort, for boys, were it not that, in the matter of torture and cruelty, it goes beyond what is wholesome. The central idea is pathetic in itself, and pathetically treated; that of a young man who, suddenly finding himself, for the first time in his life, exposed to dangers, mistakes his nervous and indeed timid nature for cowardice. How he rises above himself is exceedingly well told; especially as he is unconscious of his victory even to the end. Most people, we think, would appreciate the story better if the local peculiarities of the great American language, both black and white, were less fully and faithfully rendered.

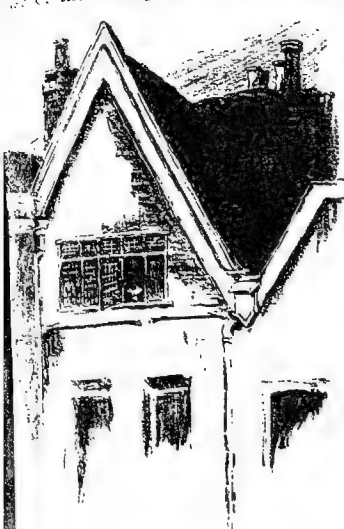


THE FERRY—"A DAINY FARE"
FROM THE PICTURE BY G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A., EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY

AN OLD INN AT NORWICH

CONSIDERING how many old buildings there are in Norwich, it is rather strange that there should hardly be an inn left there having any features of architectural interest, although there are many whose histories can be traced back for five centuries and more. That which we illustrate to-day, the Maid's Head, in St. Andrew Street, close to the Cathedral, is probably the oldest in the town, and now it has been carefully restored, presents several noteworthy features.

It is said to stand on the site of a house which was the town hall of the Bishop of Thetford, mentioned in Domesday before even the See of Norwich was founded, or the Cathedral was built. The foundation are, no doubt, of great age, for the cap of a Norman column is still to be seen in the cellars.



OLD GABLE IN THE COURTYARD

In 1472 a letter of Sir John Paston, printed in the well-known "Paston Letters," directs a guest to be put up at the "Maydes Hedde," a fact generally unknown to local antiquaries, and which disposes of their guess that its old name of the molde or murtel fish was changed out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who made a long stay in the city. To Freemasons the house is specially

noting as being the place where the first Norwich Lodge was held in 1724, and it has always been the headquarters of the local party, and the home of the Bar Mess.

The quaint, carved Jacobean bar, shown in the illustration, is very unique in England, and certainly is so in Norwich. So is the deep, recessed ingle-nook, or recessed fireplace—dated about 1550—in herring-bone brick-work, with old stone sides, recently bricked up in the thickness of the wall, and fronted with a stove! The most interesting find, however, was in the waiting-room leading out of the courtyard, the Queen Anne wing of which had been canvassed and papered over. On stripping off the paper to restore the panelling, a hinged shutter was found behind which was a walled-up window of the fifteenth century,



THE BAR, "MAID'S HEAD," NORWICH

of oak framing and transoms as perfect as the day it was erected, and has been preserved by the bricking up. Of the curious wall-painting representing a hunting-scene, unluckily only two fragments remain. All the restorations have been carefully superintended by Herbert Green, the well-known local antiquarian architect.

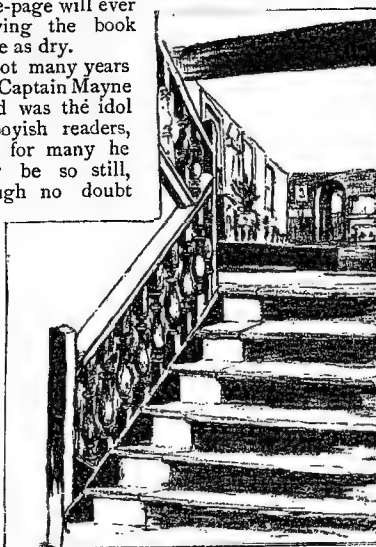


In the days of Ser Marco Polo, the vast provinces of the East of China have been among those lands which travellers used to explore and open up to the commerce of England. China has always been carefully guarded against the approach of "foreign devils," and though for many years we have held a foothold on the seaboard, yet it was not until 1876 that we acquired, by virtue of the Chefoo Convention, to station a Resident at Chung-Ching, on the Yang-tse, the commercial capital of northern China. In 1881 Mr. Hosie was sent as Consul to this important city, and he remained there for three years, not only to look after the town life, but also making extensive journeys into the interior, so that he acquired a thorough knowledge of the great provinces of Ssu-chuan, Kuei-chow, and Yunnan. Mr. Hosie's remarks in "Three Years in Western China" (George and Son) have now an added value, as since the book was published Chung-Ching has been raised to the rank of a treaty port, and a supplementary article to the Chefoo Convention signed at Shanghai on March 31st, 1890. By this important arrangement, of which nothing has been heard amidst the clamour of parliamentary squabbles, the wide provinces of Western China are opened to direct intercourse with Europe; and as a consequence everything bearing upon their trade is of the highest importance. Our natural approach to these provinces is through Burma; but, unfortunately, little progress has as yet been made in the development of trade, in spite of constant pressure on the Government to open up new trade routes to Shibusetsu. As Mr. Archibald Little points out in his "China," France, by seizing Tonquin, has been acting while we are talking; and thus we have allowed injury to be done to commerce, for, whereas our Colonies and dependencies are open to the trade of all the world, no sooner does France, or any other European nation, acquire Asiatic territory than every effort is made to keep out British goods by prohibitive duties. Mr. Hosie, however, declares that the proper route from these provinces is down the Yang-Tse, and

no doubt in the present absence of roads this line of communication is the simplest; but still, as the frontiers of Burma and Yunnan march, we may venture to hope that before very long the trade of Western China will pass direct into Burma and India. Mr. Hosie's book is a most interesting one, and the author has collected with the greatest industry all the facts and information likely to be useful to merchants and traders in these regions. One of the most important industries is the production and collection of insect white wax, and rice-paper is also made in some quantity. In Yunnan there are copper, tin, and lead mines, but the owners are so hampered in the working that they can get but little or no profit. Kuei-chow also contains coal, iron, copper, and quicksilver in large quantities, but here again the working is deficient. These two provinces have suffered terribly from internecine struggles, but Ssu-Chuan is a rich, fertile, and thickly populated province, which surpasses all the rest of China in the wealth and variety of its products. Its natural trade route is obviously the Yang-tse, and for the present it draws the two poorer provinces along with it. Though dealing chiefly with commercial matters, Mr. Hosie's book should not be missed by the general reader. It has a capital map of the country traversed by the author, but the illustrations strike one as being inadequate and hardly worthy, either in quantity or in quality, of the letterpress.

Modern research has done much for us; but it has also slain the fairies, elves, and brownies in so thorough a fashion, that no child, however young, now believes in the existence of the "good people." It therefore causes one to rub doubting eyes when a book, published in this present year, gravely asserts that mermaids and mermen did really exist not so many generations back. "The Testimony of Tradition," by David MacRitchie (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited), deals with the matter in decided fashion. The mermaids of Shetlandic story were evidently a branch of the Ugrian race of the Finns, some of whom came over from Norway in "kayaks," or canoes made of sealskin. The legend that the mermaids doffed their fishes' tails and became like men when they stepped ashore, and that the mermaids, when they had cast their skins, frequently became wives and mothers to the fishers of the coast, is accounted for by the fact that, when the Finn had fastened his sealskin garment to the canoe in which he sat, he and his "kayak" appeared to be one, while the lowness of his boat made him look as if he were seated in the water. The Fenians of Ireland in olden times, the Picts of Scotland, and the dwarfs of Northern Germany, Scotland, and Ireland, are all traced back to these Finn tribes, whose great strength, combined with their low stature, made them considered as supernatural beings by the larger inhabitants of the lands they invaded. The "pechts," or dwarfs, also had the reputation of living beneath the earth; and, as a matter of fact, they did live in earth mounds, many examples of which still exist in Ireland and elsewhere, much as the Eskimo do at the present day. The whole chain of the "Testimony of Tradition" is worked out in the most ingenious and interesting manner, and no one who does more than read the title-page will ever think of laying the book aside as dry.

Not many years ago Captain Mayne Reid was the idol of boyish readers, and for many he may be so still, though no doubt



CORRIDOR, "MAID'S HEAD," NORWICH

modern romancers have in great measure deposed him from his pride of place. His widow, the child-wife, has just published "Mayne Reid: a Memoir of his Life" (Ward and Downey), which, though by no means perfect as a book, gives one a very fair idea of the dashing story-teller who remained so much a boy to the day of his death. Mayne Reid was born in Ireland in 1818, being the son of a Presbyterian minister, and, after receiving a good education, set out to America to seek his fortune. After several changes of fortune he joined the New York Volunteers as second lieutenant on the outbreak of the Mexican War in 1847. He passed through the campaign with considerable credit; and shortly afterwards, having made a success with his first story, settled down into a writer of boys' romances. He built himself a "hacienda" at Gerrard's Cross, in Buckinghamshire, and took to farming; but his experiments met with no more success than his attempts to conduct newspapers and magazines. As a fighter and as a boys' romancer he was first-rate; but, when he went outside these limits, his boyishness degenerated into puerility. Captain Mayne Reid died on October 22nd, 1883, and lies buried in Kensal Green. Some of his books, especially among those of his earlier period, have given endless delight to boys, and will probably be read as long as there are boys left to enjoy a spirited and well-told tale of adventure.

Among the public and private records and papers of this country some most curious and valuable side-lights upon history are stored away. Thanks to various learned societies, many rare volumes and documents have been republished, but they still remain unknown, not only to the crowd, but also to the man of average education. "Paper and Parchment," by Alexander Charles Ewald, F.S.A. (Ward and Downey), rescues some fifteen fragments of old world lore from the oblivion of our hurrying days. "Domesday Book," "The Plea Rolls of the Courts of King's Bench," "The Modus Tenendi Parliamentum," "Henry VIII's Ecclesiastical Survey," "The Diary of Henry Machyn," "The Memoirs of Lucy Hutchinson," and "Queen Mary's Letters to William III." are amongst the most interesting of the topics dealt with in this volume of essays. History is now very generally considered more interesting than fiction, and these pleasantly-written papers can be read by any one with both amusement and profit on the laziest of holidays.

It is by this time pretty well known, in what an American barbarism dubs "authorial circles," that the sole aim and object of the book's title is not to give an idea of the contents, but to attract the thoughtless in search of something to read, and further that the contents of a book are of far less importance than its title. The first of these propositions is fully carried out in "Occam's Razor," by F. W. Bain, M.A. (Parker and Co.), though the second by no means holds good. Few people on taking up this little volume would imagine that it was the application of a principle to Political Economy, the Conditions of Progress to Socialism, and to Politics;

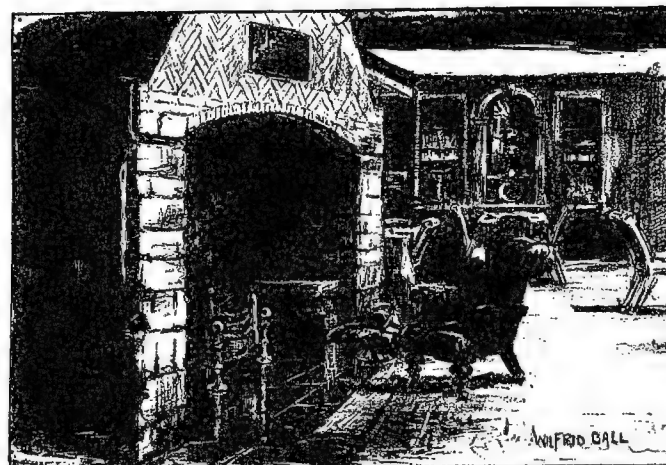
but such is the case. The man who throws down the book in a pet at having been caught by the title will act very foolishly, for the essays have the triplicate advantage of being short, well-written, and greatly to the point. Mr. Bain is bold enough to think for himself, and not to go tearing about after every fluffy bit of theory floating on the current of popular wrong-headedness. And therefore he is worth reading.

Most people look on Dante as the poet of the "Divina Commedia," and do not realise that he also wrote a good deal of prose. Among his less-known works is an unfinished treatise, "De Vulgari Eloquentia," which has been translated into English by A. G. Ferrers Howell, LL.M., and published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co. Though Dante wrote the poems on which his fame rests in Italian, yet Latin was the language of literature, and this treatise on the Vulgar Tongue is written in that language. In the early years of the fourteenth century, every district and town in Italy spoke its own dialect, and the poet's aim was to deal with the highest literary form of the Vulgar Tongue, which was more or less common to all the dialects, and then to throw light on the lower forms of the dialects. In his second book, after saying that the illustrious, or literary, Vulgar Tongue is equally fitted for use in prose and verse, he proceeds to discuss its use in verse. While he is speaking of the structure of the *canzone*, the work comes abruptly to an end, but the chapters preserved to us are of the highest interest as showing the position of the Italian language in literature at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

The ninth volume of the "Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey," by David Masson (Adam and Charles Black), contains the "Essays of Political Economy," Mr. Malthus, Mr. Ricardo, and Adam Smith being the authors whose works inspired the papers now published in a collected form.

The barbaric splendour of gems and jewels has a mighty fascination for most human beings, but we are more accustomed to connect gems with India and Brazil than with North America. However, the Northern Continent has produced a magnificent volume all to itself, "Gems and Precious Stones of North America" by George Frederick Kuntz (New York: The Scientific Publishing Company). The book is the work of an expert, and is most thoroughly and scientifically written, and the coloured plates with which it is illustrated are some of the finest ever published in a work of this kind. Naturally, Mexico provides Mr. Kuntz with most of his subjects, and his sketch of the gems and jewels of that country will be of extreme value to the archaeologist and historian.

When the summer holidays arrive the amateur photographer gets out his field-apparatus, and prepares for a campaign in the country or by the seaside; and at the same time the publishers, with the foresight characteristic of them, bring out a number of books to interest and instruct the devotee of the camera upon his holiday. A most interesting book to study when it is too dark to take shots at "subjects," is "The Evolution of Photography," by J. Werge (Piper and Carter and John Werge). It is a history of photography from the very earliest attempts of the enthusiastic discoverers down to the elaborate and finished processes of the present



COFFEE ROOM, "MAID'S HEAD," NORWICH

day. The book is full of interest, even for the general reader, and is amusingly illustrated with examples of work from the days of glass positives onwards.

For those who wish to copy maps and prints "The Photographic Reproduction of Drawings," by Colonel Waterhouse (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited), will be of great service. Colonel Waterhouse is in charge of the Photographic Department of the Survey of India, and his hints are of much value.

"The International Annual" (New York: Anthony and Co., London: Iliffe and Son) is full of short articles of present interest, to photographers, and is illustrated with many excellent reproductions of landscape and portrait negatives.

"The Encyclopaedia of Photography," by W. E. Woodbury (Iliffe and Son), of which the first part is before us, promises to be a most useful and valuable book of reference.

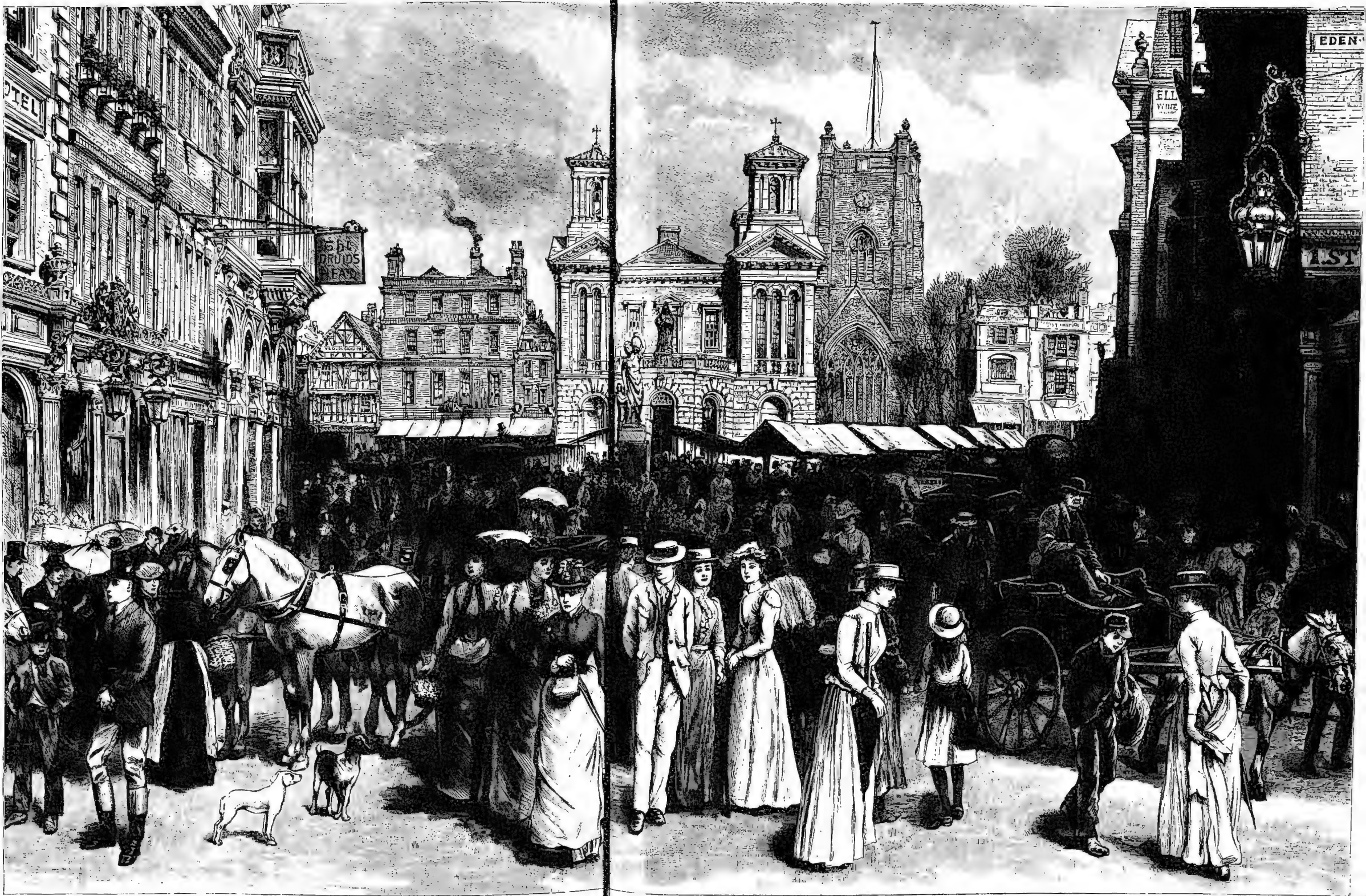
Mr. Henry Vizetelly has published a new edition of his "Facts About Champagne." It is very full of matters of interest, and is illustrated with many engravings of the champagne districts.

The *Gentleman's Magazine Library*, edited by G. L. Gomme, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock), has published the first part of its "Architectural Antiquities," which prove that our grandfathers were not so absolutely indifferent to archaeology as has been often asserted. The collection is of great historical value, and is well indexed.

"The Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee (Smith, Elder, and Co.), has now reached its twenty-third volume. The names range from Gray to Haigh-ton, and include Earl Grey, Lady Jane Grey, Gray the poet, Grote the historian, the Grenvilles and the Greshams, and many Welshmen of celebrity.

NEWSPAPERS do not flourish in Persia. No daily journal is published throughout the Empire, but there are four weekly papers of mediocre interest and merit. The best Persian organ is the *Akhtar* (Star), which appears in Constantinople, in order to express more free opinions respecting the Shah's Empire than would be permitted within the country itself.

A NATIVE 115 YEARS OLD has just died at Bombay. Parpia Hirjee retained all his faculties until his death, though his sight was rather dim, while up to four years ago he walked ten miles every day. On the day he died the old man told his family that he should depart that evening, and when they replied that he seemed as well as usual he answered, "My soul, which was so low down as in my chest this afternoon, has come up to my throat, so before it takes wings do help me down to the ground floor, and perform the necessary rites over my body." Accordingly Parpia was assisted downstairs, where the ceremonies for the dying were gone through, and soon after they were finished he expired peacefully.



KINGSTON-ON-ME—THE MARKET PLACE

An Artist's Visit to a Brittany Castle

THE guidebook, with that ease and copiousness of style, characteristic of its kind, informed me that "the ancient, picturesque and romantic feudal castle, which from a wooded eminence proudly dominates the village of Saint Jacques, would inevitably become the first object of the inquiring tourist."



OUR ARTIST ARRIVES AT THE CASTLE

The guidebook is doubtless an authority; yet, after a walk of some miles in the heat of the day, my steps were drawn to a less-



THE CICERONE EXPLAINS

pretentious loadstone, and, before I thought of ascending the "wooded eminence," I enjoyed a chat with Madame Laroue, beneath the rather doubtful shade of the oleander-pots in front of her door



HE WISHES TO SKETCH

great-grandfather it had looked quite the same as now, and, for herself, she wondered how M. le Marquis could continue to dwell in so *triste* a place when he might build for himself a new mansion, large and white and convenient, like that of M. Etienne, at the end of the avenue yonder. M. le Marquis was away at present, and André would doubtless be ravished to conduct monsieur over the castle. No, M. le Marquis was not married; he was the last of the old family returned to inhabit the home of his ancestors, though truly there was not much left that any one could inhabit except the owls, and there were tales—ah, there were tales!



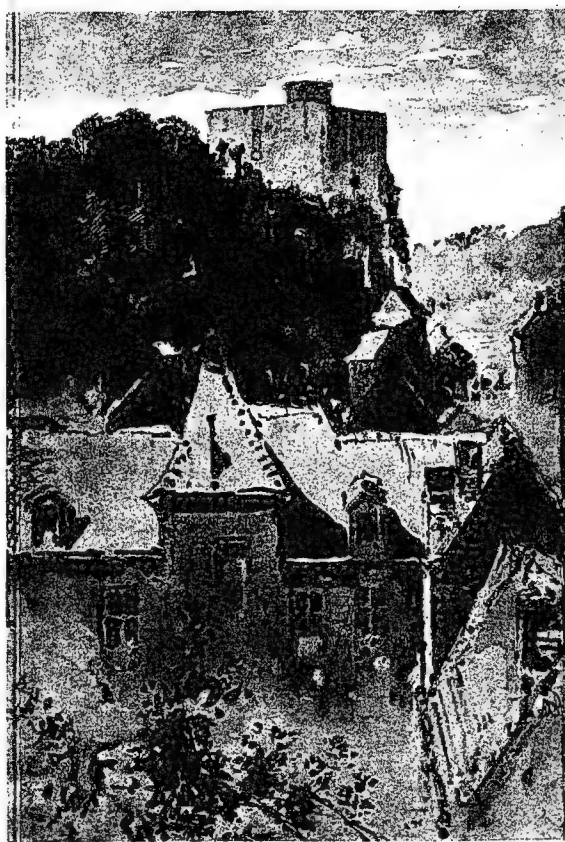
THE TRIAL OF THE COIN

paused to consider, and to look at the view down the steep cliff, beneath which the hamlet nestled amongst its orchards, to the sea, blue and sparkling in the hot July sun, creaming round the black rocks, and dotted with the russet sails of fishing-boats. On the other side was the dusty high road along which I had come, bordered by a double row of poplars stretching far towards the horizon, amid corn-fields and orchards and scattered farmhouses. Turning to contemplate again the severe-looking door and the inaccessible walls, I met the gaze of a pair of perfectly round spectacles. A

Much pantomimic display here on the part of Madame Laroue, whose show of reserve soon yielded to mild pressure; and I learned that M. le Marquis had the evil eye, and that quite certainly he was on the best of terms with *le diable même*, who seemed, according to my informant, to have apartments in permanence in the Norman keep. Nevertheless, I valiantly climbed the hill to the gate of the gloomy *château*, only to find it obstinately locked against me. I



"PARFAITEMENT IMPOSSIBLE"



THE CASTLE

sour, withered countenance and a voluminous brown overcoat belonged to them; and a cracked voice inquired,

"M'sieu' desires to see the castle?"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Mais c'est défendu."

I intimated that I thought this difficulty might be overcome, and André—for it was he—at last produced, with seeming reluctance, an immense rusty key, and carefully locked the door behind us as we entered.



RESULT: PERMISSION IS GRANTED. "HOW LONG DOES MONSIEUR REQUIRE? TWO HOURS? BIEN"



OUR ARTIST AFTER THREE HOURS' IMPRISONMENT

time stretching a greedy claw over my shoulder for more. I thought it advisable, however, to ignore the claw and André's expressions of dissatisfaction, and after repeated growlings and murmurs, he inquired, sulkily, "How long does m'sieu require? Two hours? Bien!" and vanished, as I thought. Five minutes later a voice observed from the doorway,

"Monsieur will not be frightened if he hears noises? Monsieur undoubtedly has the heart pure, and will not come to harm."

I smiled. It was half-past four on a summer's afternoon, and I heard André's retreating footsteps with some satisfaction. For more than two hours I sketched diligently, my efforts being, I thought, not wholly unsuccessful. "It is about time I packed up," said I, yawning, and thinking of a compact little supper I had ordered at the *cabaret* down below.

To my surprise, I found that the door of the room was shut, for I had not even supposed that it possessed a door; but I was really seriously annoyed to discover that it was also locked, and to come to the unwilling conclusion that my old gentleman had taken this means of preventing further exploration on my part, while saving himself the trouble of acting jailor. "However, he is sure to turn up directly," I thought, "as he asked how long I wished to stay," and, with some inward reviling, I set myself to touching up my sketch to pass the time.

The shadows lengthened: the lights were changing every moment; the time passed, and still André did not appear. My patience became exhausted; I threw down my drawing materials, and paced the small room in rage and hunger. It began to assume the aspect of a dungeon to me; the door was as strong and solid as if made of stone instead of wood, and I was far too high up to dream of escaping by the window.

"When that villain appears, I will see if he cannot understand Anglo-Saxon," said I; but, becoming frantic as the time went on and he did not appear, I drew out my handkerchief and brandished it at the aperture with the gestures of a madman; certainly to little purpose, as the look-out was only upon the other side of the desolate keep, and the sea in the distance, deserted now even by the fishing-boats. I shouted; my voice sounded hollow and ghostly among the ruins, and the echo which was borne back to me seemed to awake other sounds—inexplicable whisperings and rustlings which continued when the echo had died away, and made me think, with a curious creeping sensation, of Madame Laroue's hints and André's last malicious words.

Eight o'clock; half-past eight. Little light came in through the narrow opening, except a pale beam from the rising moon, and I heard the faint sound of a bell from the village, doubtless the curfew of this primitive folk. I no longer doubted that I was to pass the night in my retreat, a fate in itself sufficiently unpleasant to a supperless man with no other sleeping accommodation than a camp-stool, but darker thoughts suggested themselves.

Supposing that a malevolent hatred of my race, combined with a special grudge against me for having, as he considered, rewarded him insufficiently, had led André to plan a hideous revenge—to leave me to die a lingering death by starvation? Such a fate was not impossible, for the Castle was far from any habitation, and the peasants, so Madame Laroue had told me, scarcely dared to approach it in broad daylight. Even should my shrieks be heard, they would be attributed to the ghostly or supernatural visitants of the place. I thought of the prisoners of the Bastille, of oubliettes, of the lady of the mistletoe-bough, of every horrible story I had ever heard; and appalled by the gruesomeness of the situation, and the vividness of the pictures which my imagination had conjured



THE SAME AFTER FOUR HOURS



"I WILL NOW LIBERATE M'SIEU"

(Continued on page 210)



“ MISCHIEF ”
FROM THE PICTURE BY MADAME MURATON, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON

up, I buried my face in my hands, and groaned in anguish of spirit.

Suddenly there was a creak, a shuffle, a broad ray of light—and the figure of André stood before me.

"Has Monsieur concluded his *esquisse*?" inquired the voice of André, with a fiendish chuckle.

I leave the answer to the recording angel; and in the tumult of conflicting emotions I left my sketch on the floor of the dungeon.

M. A. B.



THE event of the week on the Continent has been the visit which the German Emperor has paid to the Czar. Having embarked at Kiel on the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, the Kaiser, who was accompanied by General Von Caprivi and a large suite, arrived at Revel on Sunday last, steaming through the vessels of the Russian Squadron, which fired a Royal salute. His Majesty was received, on landing, by the Grand Duke Vladimir and a guard of honour composed of the Viborg and St. Petersburg Grenadiers. After taking bread and salt with the Viborg regiment, of which His Majesty is Honorary Colonel, and receiving a deputation of the German residents at Revel, he left at three o'clock for Narva. Here he was welcomed at the railway-station by the Czar, who was accompanied by the Czaritch, the other Grand Dukes, the members of the German and Austrian Embassies, and a large number of princely personages. The two Emperors then proceeded to the Pojizeff Villa, where the Kaiser was heartily welcomed by the Czarina. On Monday the military manoeuvres commenced. These consisted of an attack by the West Corps, supported by the fleet, on St. Petersburg, which was defended by the East Corps. The operations were closely watched by the Kaiser, who remained at Narva until Thursday. He then proceeded to Gomontoff, whence he travels to-day (Saturday) to Peterhoff. The object of the Imperial meeting has been much discussed in political circles, and many more or less specific statements have been made. It is very doubtful, however, whether it has any bearing at all on particular questions of current politics. The object of the Kaiser is doubtless to seek a secure basis for European peace in the cultivation of personally friendly relations with the Czar.

The long expected Blue Book relating to the Behring Sea Seal Fisheries has appeared. It contains the correspondence of the last four years brought up to date. The general tenour of the despatches has already been anticipated in these columns, and there is no reason for believing that the state of deadlock between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States has been changed since the Blue Book was compiled. The principal *pièce* in the correspondence is a masterly despatch at the end, in which Lord Salisbury sums up the controversy for Great Britain. The Foreign Secretary points out that in the year 1821 the Czar Alexander I., of Russia, issued an ukase prohibiting all foreign vessels from approaching within one hundred miles of the Behring Sea, which was then under Russian jurisdiction. Against this ukase Mr. Quincy Adams, on behalf the United States, promptly protested. The United States Government now sets up a claim to the same right of exclusion, which it contends it acquired when it purchased Alaska from Russia, and Mr. Blaine endeavours to show, in an earlier despatch, that the protest of Mr. Quincy Adams will not bear the construction placed upon it by the English statesman. To this Lord Salisbury opposes an exceedingly interesting *dossier* of contemporary documents which seem effectually to dispose of Mr. Blaine's interpretation of Mr. Adams's meaning. A very significant feature in the correspondence is a protest presented to Mr. Blaine by Sir Julian Pauncefote warning the United States Government against the consequences of attacks on British ships which, in the view of the advisers of the Queen, are quite indefensible. Lord Salisbury also proposes to submit the whole question to arbitration, but this is declined by Mr. Blaine.

A further step in the solution of the African Question has been made during the week by the signature of the Anglo-Portuguese Convention. The terms agreed upon by the two countries involve no serious contentions. Portugal obtains the right of extending the frontiers of Mozambique as far as the Eastern Shore of Lake Nyassa, thus bringing the colony right up to the German sphere of influence. The original demand of the Portuguese was for a belt of territory right across the Dark Continent connecting Mozambique with Angola; but the claim to this vast dominion was found untenable. On the Zambesi the Portuguese are permitted to hold their former footing at Tété and Zumbo, but beyond this they obtain nothing. The whole country between the northern bank of the Zambesi, the confluence of the Ruvo and the Shiré on the south, and the Western Shore of Lake Nyassa is adjudged to Great Britain. It is this vast territory which was originally worked by the African Lakes Company and the Scotch Missionaries, and the claim on which by Portugal so strongly excited English public opinion towards the end of last year. It forms the connecting link between the possessions of the British East and South African Companies. True to the principles which have guided him throughout the African negotiations Lord Salisbury has obtained ample guarantees for freedom of trade in the Portuguese possessions, and also for the abolition of slavery. The only other important event bearing on the African Question which has been recorded during the week is a debate in the Cape Parliament on the Anglo-German agreement. Sir Thomas Upington, with the support of the Premier, has moved a series of resolutions claiming that the Imperial Government shall not negotiate treaties relating to territory south of the Zambesi without consulting the Cabinet and Parliament of Cape Colony.

The difficulty between SPAIN and MOROCCO, arising out of an Arab attack on the Spanish fortress at Melilla has been amicably arranged. The Moorish Government has agreed to pay compensation after inquiries have been made to ascertain the facts of the case, and discover the offenders. The Sultan has further ordered that a detachment of Moorish regular troops shall in future be stationed in the neighbourhood of Melilla and other Spanish fortresses to maintain order and prevent any repetition of occurrences similar to those which recently happened. An ample apology is also made to Spain. News from the interior of Morocco is of rather an alarming character. The insurrection has spread, and the Imperial troops have been twice defeated. It is even stated that the city of Mequinez is besieged by the insurgents.

In RUSSIA and TURKEY there has been no satisfactory modification of the position of the aggrieved churches. The Russian Jews are still emigrating in large numbers, and there is a tendency to distrust the unofficial assurance that the new ukases will not be enforced. In Turkey both the Armenian and Greek Patriarchs adhere to their resolutions to retire from office; the former because he is unable to obtain a proper security for his co-religionists, and the latter because he objects to the issue of *berets* to independent Bishops of the Bulgarian branch of the Greek Church in Macedonia. On the latter question the Sultan is unyielding, and the new Bishops have been appointed. With regard to the Armenians, a Commission, consisting of eminent members of the Armenian Church in the Ottoman public service,

have been appointed to examine the grievances of their co-religionists, and report thereon to the Sultan. The Commission has already commenced its labours, and it is hoped that the result of their recommendations will be satisfactory. Meanwhile, rumours of renewed massacres in the town of Moosh are being received, but, as yet, they lack authentication.

The gigantic German Singers' Festival at VIENNA closed on Monday evening. It began on the previous Friday with the singing of Haydn's "Volkshymne," in which 8,000 choristers and an audience numbering 15,000 took part. The programmes for each day were made up of the best choral pieces of German composers, and they were sung sometimes by one society alone, and sometimes by several hundred *sociétaires* together. The number of societies participating in the Festival was 600. The attendance of the public in the colossal *Festhalle* amounted to a quarter of a million during the first three evenings. The occasion was seized to make the gathering to some extent a political demonstration. During the closing ceremony, Herr Becker, the Burgomaster of Nuremberg, made a speech in which he proclaimed the union of all the German speaking races, "in peace or on the battle-field." The enthusiasm was prodigious, and while the *Festhalle* resounded with rounds upon rounds of cheering, the Archduke Charles Louis descended from the Imperial box on to the stage, and shook hands with the speaker, saying, "I fully concur in your sentiments, and will repeat them to the Emperor."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The statistics of cholera in ARABIA and SPAIN during the week have shown a diminishing tendency.—Prince Ferdinand of BULGARIA has returned to Sofia. During his progress from the frontier to the capital he was warmly greeted by all classes of the population.—Strikes on a huge scale have been reported from various parts of the Continent, the United States, and the Colonies. The great railway strike in AMERICA has come to an end, but serious labour troubles have broken out in AUSTRIA and AUSTRALIA. The shipping trade of Melbourne has been paralysed by a strike of marine officers.—Hostilities between GUATEMALA and SAN SALVADOR have ceased, pending the negotiation of a treaty of peace.



ALL the Imperial and Royal visitors having finally dispersed, Osborne has settled down to its normal quietness. Fine weather has reigned in the Isle of Wight, and Her Majesty has been able to take her daily drives. Last Friday, the Queen visited Lord and Lady Colville of Culross at West Cowes, and afterwards honoured Mr. and Mrs. Standish with a visit at Egypt House. In the afternoon, Mr. Doughty had the honour of exhibiting his troupe of performing dogs before the Queen. The Princess of Wales and her two daughters went to Osborne from the Royal yacht, and were present at the performance. Subsequently, the Queen held a Council, at which the arrangements for the prorogation of Parliament were settled. On Saturday the Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame d'Arcos and the Marquis de Bassano, arrived at Osborne on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty's dinner party in the evening was attended by the Empress as well as by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Lady Southampton, Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, Earl Cadogan, and the Dean of Windsor. On Monday, the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princess Victoria of Wales, paid a visit to the Empress Eugénie, and dined with the Queen in the evening. The Empress left for Farnborough on the following morning. The Queen is expected to leave Osborne next Monday for Balmoral. Her Majesty will probably stay in Scotland till about the middle of November, when the Court returns to Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales is at Homburg, where he has taken up his quarters at the Villa Impériale. His Royal Highness has arranged to return to England on the 6th prox., and will be the guest of Mr. Arthur Wilson, at Tranley Croft, near Hull, during Doncaster Races. The Prince is expected in Vienna towards the middle of September, and during a part of his fortnight's stay will be entertained by Count Tassilo Festetics at Kesthely, in Hungary. The Princess of Wales leaves the Solent to-day (Saturday), and returns to Marlborough House.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale is on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge.—The Duke of Edinburgh received a visit on Sunday from Prince Bismarck at Kissingen. At the end of next week His Royal Highness proceeds to Coburg, where the Duchess is already in residence.—It is announced that the Duke of Connaught will take up his abode at the Government House, Portsmouth, early in October.—The Duke of Cambridge will unveil the Waterloo Memorial in the Brussels Cemetery, at Evere, next Tuesday.—Prince and Princess Christian with the Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, last Monday for Germany. On the same evening the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited the Garrick Theatre, where they witnessed a performance of *A Pair of Spectacles*.

The latest of the Queen's great-grandchildren—the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Sparta—was baptised at Athens on Monday. The ceremony took place in the grand drawing-room of the Palace of Tatoi, the chapel not being large enough to accommodate the number of persons invited. The Empress Frederick and all the members of the Hellenic Royal Family were present, as well as the Ministers and the members of the Diplomatic Body in Athens, the guests numbering in all ninety-five. The Archimandrite officiated, and the infant Prince was baptised under the name of George, being held at the font by the King of the Hellenes. A banquet was given in the afternoon in the wooded grounds near the Palace in honour of the occasion. The Princess and the young Prince are doing well.

THE "JENAIISCHE ZEITUNG" states that a number of fresh documents referring to the murder of the German poet, August von Kotzebue, in 1819, have recently been discovered at Weimar.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA, who is engaged to be married to Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, has a dowry of 40,000*l.*, and an annual income of 3,000*l.* Her brother, the Emperor William, proposes to supplement her revenue by an annual grant of 4,000*l.*

EFFORTS STILL CONTINUE IN PARIS to introduce a larger element of picturesqueness into male costumes. The latest idea is what is called the *fin de siècle* waistcoat, a revival of the flowered vest of our ancestors. Specimens of this garment have been exhibited. They are of silk or satin, embroidered with floral and other devices, and fitted with buttons of gold or silver. Their prices are as high as 50*l.*

GENERAL SHEREMETIEFF, the new Russian Governor-General of the Caucasus, has notified his appointment to the Shah of Persia by a special letter. This document was enclosed in a velvet pouch, lined with silk, and ornamented with Eastern embroidery, and was presented to the Shah by the Russian Minister at Teheran. Other letters of a similar character were sent to the Heir Apparent and to the Grand Vizier, Emin Sultaneh.



PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The first of the classical evenings was given at Covent Garden last week. The programme, unfortunately, was not a very strong one, and the audience consequently was small. Certain overtures by Massenet and Reinecke indeed hardly came within the description of classical music at all. Cherubini's *Anacreon* overture, however, opened the programme, which contained several operatic and other songs sung by Mesdames Marie Rôze and Belle Cole and Mr. Watkin Mills, and closed with Dvorák's symphony in D, a work which has more than once been heard at these entertainments. The symphony went fairly well, particularly as to the adagio, while, on the other hand, the scherzo (which is marked "Furiant," and is written on the lines of a popular form of Bohemian dance known by that name) and *finale* were taken at far too slow a pace.

On Saturday, in accordance with a wise plan which has recently been adopted, a large portion of the "Popular" programme was formed of classical music. It comprised Mozart's symphony in C, familiarly known as *The Jupiter*, of which a capital performance was given under Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe, besides Auber's *Masaniello* and Weber's *Oberon* overtures, and the slow movement and *finale* from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played by Miss Marie Schumann, formerly a pupil at the Guildhall School of Music. The theatre was crowded almost to its full capacity, and the appreciative attention with which the promenaders listened to the Mozart symphony and the concerto showed how surely a love of the highest class of music is spreading among the people. The vocalists were Miss Colombati and Mr. Ben Davies. At the second Classical Concert on Wednesday of the present week were announced Beethoven's symphony in C minor, long the most popular of all the Beethoven symphonies, and the same master's familiar concerto in E flat, generally, though erroneously, known as *The Emperor*, and now played by M. Freidhiem.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Signor Lago is still in negotiation for *Otello*, which it is hoped will be the principal feature of his forthcoming season. During the past week he has, however, also concluded the engagement of Madame Voenna, a *prima donna* from Vienna, whose *cheval de bataille* is Gluck's *Armida*, which will accordingly be revived expressly for her. The story of *Armida* was a favourite subject for operatic composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Upwards of forty operas by various musicians on this subject are mentioned in the musical dictionaries, amongst them being quite-forgotten works by Salieri, Haydn, Cherubini, Rossini, and Cimarosa. Gluck's *Armida* was written in 1777 to the same libretto by Quinault as had already been set to music by Lulli in 1686, and the book in question terminated Quinault's career as a lyrical poet. The libretto is based upon a story in the fourth book of the "Æneid," and it describes how Rinaldo was led astray by the sorceress Armida and his unhappy fate. The opera has not been heard upon the London stage for many years, and, indeed, hardly within living memory; but about fifteen years ago it was given in concert form at a semi-private performance at St. James's Hall, and recently it has been revived with success in Italy. Although the repertory for the forthcoming autumn season is not yet finally settled, it seems not improbable that Signor Lago's new enterprise will be notable for the large number of revivals of old works. Already Gluck's *Armida* and *Orfeo* have been decided upon, and the novelties will include some of the older operas by Verdi, Cimarosa, Bellini, and others.

COMIC OPERAS.—We are promised shortly the production of several additions to the list of comic operas. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre M. Planquette's *La Capitaine Thérèse* will be produced on Monday. The French libretto of this work was written under the direction of the late Mr. Carl Rosa by M. Bisson, and it has been translated into English by Mr. Burnand, the music being by M. Planquette. It is understood that the plot deals with the adventures of a young lady who, for reasons of her own, disguises herself in military uniform, and follows her lover to the wars, where she meets with several curious and diverting adventures. The chief part of Captain Thérèse will be sung by Madame Claire, a mezzo-soprano, who has played Carmen and other parts in New York. Madame Amadi, Miss Phyllis Broughton, and other members of the staff of the Prince of Wales's will also take part. In September Mr. George Paget will open the Globe for the production in England of a comic opera, *The Black Rover*, by Mr. Luscombe Searle, composer of *The Wreck of the Pinafore*. This work, under the title of *Isidora*, has already had a run of upwards of a twelvemonth in South Africa. Mrs. Searle then playing the principal part. Towards the end of September will be produced, at the Lyric Theatre, an English version, by Mr. Burnand, of M. Audran's *La Cigale*, which was produced four years ago in Paris under the title of *La Cigale et la Fourmi*. The story deals with the adventures of a poor girl, who subsequently becomes a wealthy *prima donna*, but afterwards falling into disgrace she (in accordance with Gustave Doré's picture) is discovered starving and dying outside the cottage of her poor though virtuous sister. The chief parts will be played by Miss Geraldine Ulmar, who has left the Savoy, Mr. Scovel, Miss Effie Clements, Messrs. Dwyer and Eric Lewis. There is, likewise an important part in the piece for a learned donkey.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti has accepted an engagement to give a series of performances at Nice in the early spring.—Mr. Eugene D'Albert is holiday-making at Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol. During his vacation he is putting the finishing touches to a duet sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, and is likewise engaged upon his new opera.—Little Otto Hegner is receiving pianoforte lessons from M. Rubinstein.—Mr. Sims Reeves' farewell tour of the provinces re-commenced on Tuesday at Southsea.—M. Rubinstein has been offered by Mr. Abbey an engagement for a tour of fifty concerts in the United States at 400*l.* a concert. It is said that the great pianist has refused.—Miss Amy Sherwin, who has been prevented from singing at the Promenade Concerts owing to an injury to her foot, is now better, and will make her appearance next Wednesday.—Mr. Julian is engaged upon a "Dictionary of Hymnology," which will contain brief historical and other accounts of the Christian hymns of all ages. The work will be published by Mr. Murray.—Madame Nordica's agent has authoritatively contradicted the report, which is widely prevalent, that the *prima donna* has been engaged to play the part of Rebecca in Sir Arthur Sullivan's forthcoming opera *Ivanhoe*.—May 11th is the date at present fixed for the very last, and final, farewell of Mr. Sims Reeves at the Albert Hall.

M. OSCAR VIGNON, a Paris journalist of Breton extraction, is endeavouring to establish a Pan-Celtic League. Committees are to be established in every Celtic land, and federated by means of a Central Council, which will hold periodical Pan-Celtic Conferences. M. Vignon states that he has already secured workers in Corsica, Spain, and Wales. He is of opinion that the idea will be the means of solving many pressing questions, including the Irish Question.



THE great stream of dramatic enterprise in London has at last been brought to a standstill; but the ADELPHI has already commenced its autumn season, and elsewhere new plays are in active preparation. DRURY LANE will reopen, in the first week in September, with the new romantic drama entitled *A Million of Money*. It is understood to be a play of combined military and sporting interest. Mr. Charles Warner will play the hero, Miss Millward the heroine, and Miss Alice Lingard, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. Harry Nicholls will also sustain leading parts. The GAIETY and the LYCEUM will also reopen during September—the former with a new burlesque; the latter with Mr. Merivale's adaptation of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, as promised in Mr. Irving's parting address at the close of last season.

After a highly successful season the Daly Company brought their performances at the LYCEUM to a close on Saturday evening. The nett result of their recent efforts has not been to raise our estimate of the literary qualities of American farcical comedies. On the other hand, the performers, and notably Miss Ada Rehan, have unquestionably gained this year a step in the favour of the English playgoing public. Mr. Daly's acknowledgment that the critics have given the company a generous welcome, "saying the heartiest good word for that which pleased them, and dealing gently and considerately with the rest," is the best answer to those writers in the New York Press who have absolutely charged English journalists of late with "prejudice against everything American."

A strong agitation is going on in America with the object of allowing peripatetic companies of actors to travel at lower rates than ordinary persons. The matter is one of vital importance to these companies, many of whom travel on that vast Continent as much as 30,000 miles a year, and probably would travel much more if the expenses were less ruinous. Unfortunately there is a law known as the "Inter-State Commerce Act," which prevents the companies yielding to the wishes of this important class of customers. Mr. Mason, of Chicago, has introduced a Bill into Congress to deal with this difficulty; but he seems likely to encounter some opposition.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has come to the sensible determination to seek no new name for the theatre which is building for him in Wych Street. It will accordingly be called the "NEW OLYMPIC."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy-sketch, in two acts, entitled *The Deacon*, will be produced, among other items, at a special *matinée* at the SHAFESBURY Theatre on Wednesday next. Mr. Willard, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Fulton, and Miss Annie Hill will all take part in Mr. Jones's piece.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. BOLEYN REEVES is to be congratulated on the freshness and general merit of "Cassiope, and other Poems" (Kegan Paul). The poet has a keen perception of the incongruities of life, of the undeserved successes and unmerited failures, of the evils which arise out of falsehood to self as well as from weakness and vain imaginings. Mr. Reeves has a sense of humour also, which comes out in a neat little composition, "The Choice." The young lady has to decide between two lovers. The one professed fondness for flowers, and, even as he spoke, pulled a poor rose to pieces. His regard for rustic Nature is similarly shown to be a sham. With the other it was very different:—

When he, the loved, his love confessed,
A sudden tempest shook the air;
And lightning, crashing through a tree,
Smote a poor soul that sheltered there;
Swift as the flash away he flew
To aid—small need had he to sue.
Since then I have reviewed my choice,
And its effect upon my fate,
And thank kind heaven that gave me grace
To choose a heart compassionate;
For love by loving act exprest,
Is truest, noblest, fondest, best.

Few serious and thoughtful readers will regret taking up for perusal "Creation's Hope" (J. Baker and Son), by Mr. Marcus S. C. Rickards, M.A., F.L.S. With much force and dignity of tone the reasonings of agnosticism are weighed with the suggestions of a Christian hope. The thought which underlies much of the poem is this: that all living things are like in kind to man though he may lord it. The friend of the poet urges the reflection that religion is nothing more than the bond which keeps each true to destiny,

Our noblest impulse does but correspond
To the sap stirring in a woodland tree.

The sceptical line of reasoning is very capably followed. Here, for example, is a passage typical of this part of his work:

Shall man turn coward, or need special stay?
The aged lion keeps his jungle lair,
And calmly dies; the eagle quits his prey
With heavy flap to gain some rocky stair,
Still brave, though shot to death! The mild-eyed tern
Sinks to its ocean sleep. They lift no cries
For resurrection. Ah! proud man should spurn
The prop his dream of after-life supplies.
Let him forget his fate. The native lark
Soars singing through the summer day. His trill
Be ours. The migrant corncock haunts some park,
And grates on ev'n when all else is still,
'Mid grass and herbage skulking. Far from us
Be his eternal croak, though it may speak
Of fears for ocean flight all perilous,
Or hopes of the new clime which he must seek.

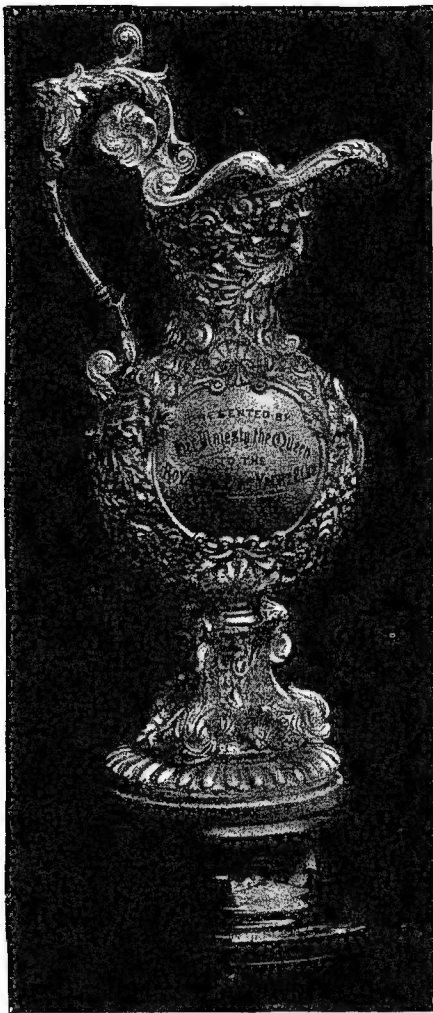
The poet faces a despondent Pantheism with an eloquent expression of faith, in what is a sort of Christian development of Buddha's doctrine. His hope is in constant, endless growth of the individual soul to perfection under the tutoring of repeated existences. Mr. Rickards's work is informed by deep and profound meditation on the mysteries of the universe, and only a man of high culture could weave so gracefully the meshes of his cogent and subtle reasonings.

DURING THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION which has just terminated, 8,401 luncheons and 12,328 dinners were served in the Members' Dining Room of the House of Commons; 1,142 luncheons and 1,125 dinners in the Strangers' Dining Room; and 325 luncheons and 1,614 dinners in the Terrace Dining Room. The last-named apartment was opened at the commencement of the Session to increase the accommodation for members and their friends.

THE CONTEST FOR THE FAUTEUIL at the Royal Academy has given rise to a curious incident. A grocer of Dijon, named Estivalet, formally applied for the vacant seat. Receiving no reply to his two letters and three telegrams, he wrote again, withdrawing his application on the ground that he did not wish "to dishonour himself" by becoming a member of the learned body. He added that he intended coming forward as candidate for the Presidency of the Republic.

THE QUEEN'S CUP, ROYAL ALBERT YACHT CLUB

THIS trophy, of the value of one hundred guineas, presented by Her Majesty the Queen to the Royal Albert Yacht Club, was sailed for on Monday last. It is a massive ewer, two feet in height, and weighing upward of one hundred and twenty-five ounces. It is elaborately enriched from top to bottom with a decoration in bold relief, starting in a mask of the sea-god Neptune, which forms the lip of the ewer. The upraised handle bears a lion's mask, typical of Great Britain. On either side are large shields, one of which is devoted to the inscription, and the other occupied by a bas-relief representing British ships of the sixteenth century, copied (by per-

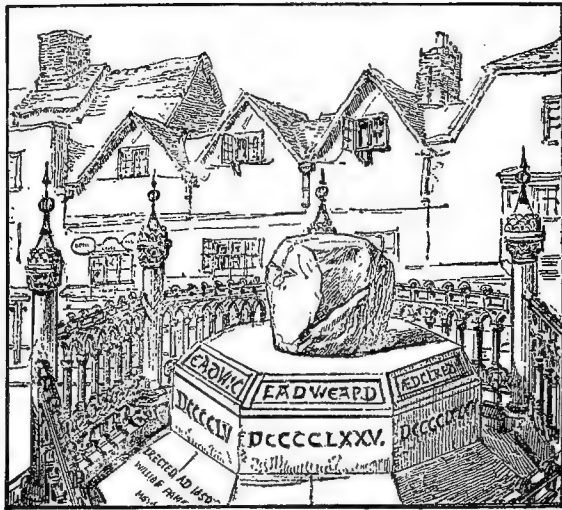


THE QUEEN'S CUP, ROYAL ALBERT YACHT CLUB

mission of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh) from models in the plate-room at Clarence House. A smaller shield bears the badge and flags of the Club, while the base is formed of dolphins and shells. The Cup was modelled and executed by Messrs. H. M. Emanuel and Son, 12 and 13, Ordnance Row, Portsea. Unfortunately there was very little wind on Monday, and the race was thus reduced to little more than a drifting-match. *Thistle* was quite out of it, and eventually the 40-tonner *Deerhound* passed the line about two minutes ahead of *Vandura*, and thus won the Cup for Captain Nottage.

MARKET DAY AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES

THOSE who wish to witness a regular old-fashioned market scene may do so by visiting the quaint town of Kingston-on-Thames any Saturday morning, when they will see pretty much what we have attempted to represent in our large illustration. It is rarely now that one comes across such a framework for a figure-subject as is to be seen at Kingston, where the houses surrounding the market-place date back to the days of the Stuarts, while the grey old tower of



THE KING'S STONE, KINGSTON

the church recalls still earlier times; and although the Town Hall can boast of no antiquity, its four campanili add to the rich effect of the scene the foreground of which is so varied and lively—market people selling their wares under booths, shaded by awnings; farmers who have driven in from the surrounding country with samples of "produce;" carriages from which stately mammas accompanied by pretty daughters alight to make their purchases at the many excellent shops for which Kingston is famous: smart footmen standing in disconsolate attitudes, wondering why "missus and the young ladies are so terribly long in that linen-draper's, one would almost have thought they was a buying-up the whole shop!" street boys making themselves objectionable, as is their wont:

patient horses, and more humble beasts of burthen: and such serious-looking dogs!

A few steps bring us to a quieter part of the town, where is a strange memorial of the past—the old "King's Stone," upon which seven of our Saxon Kings were seated at their Coronation. The modern pedestal records their names and dates of their accession; so far good, but why should this old Saxon throne be surrounded by a cast-iron railing in the Norman style? A shed built in the genuine style of the nineteenth century would be more appropriate and useful, as it is certainly our duty to protect this invaluable and venerable relic from injury and the weather.

H. W. B.



A D. PUTATION OF OFFICERS from the Austrian Squadron in Danish waters on Tuesday laid wreaths of palms and white roses on the monument to Admiral Svenson, the hero of the Battle of Heligoland in 1864, when the Austrian and Prussian allied fleets were defeated by the Danes. The wreaths were tied with silk ribbons of the Austrian colours, and bore the inscription, "To the brave Admiral and the doughty Danish warriors of 1864, from the Imperial and Royal Navy."

TO COMMEMORATE THE ACQUISITION OF HELIGOLAND, a medal has been struck at the instance of the German Emperor. A portrait of the Kaiser appears on the obverse, while on the reverse is a bird's-eye view of the island from the south side, surmounted by a figure of Germania unfurling the German flag. The inscription runs: "Acquisition of the Island of Heligoland on the 9th August, 1890." The medal, which is the size of a double florin, has been struck in silver and bronze.

VASIL, the last of the servants of Alexandre Dumas the elder, is dead. For twenty years past the old gentleman lived at Puy, near Dieppe. He was quite a capitalist in a small way, for he had purchased ground, had built villas, and had been blessed in these enterprises by a discriminatory and kindly fortune. Genial, unaffected, and with a pleasant garrulity, Pire Vasil will be as much missed by tourists, who used to visit him to hear his unfailing stock of anecdote of the great novelist, as by the neighbours, who will lose in him a comrade and a friend.

THE FIRST JAPANESE PARLIAMENT will meet at Tokio in November. It will consist of two Houses—an Upper and a Lower. The Japanese House of Commons is a purely elective body, its life being limited to four sessions. The House of Peers combines the hereditary principle and the elective. All members of the Imperial family belong to it, holding their seats for life. There is a section of noblemen chosen by their peers. These sit for seven years. There is section of men chosen—one from each municipality—by fifteen householders paying the highest taxes. These sit for five years. Finally, there is a sprinkling of men nominated by the Mikado on account of great learning or special service to the State. These are life members.

THE BRITISH CONSUL AT ALEPPO, in his last report, states that liquorice-root continues to be gathered in the plains of Antioch, Killis, and Marash, and, after being pressed by steam-power at Alexandretta, is forwarded to the United States by sailing vessels. The cost of transport (by camel) from the Antioch and Killis plains to Alexandretta averaged last year 28s. per ton, the freight from Alexandretta to New York being 26s. In other words, it costs more to transport one ton of root a distance of a few hours than a journey of 80 to 120 days by a sailing vessel. In 1887 it was 32s., against 13s. Last season, on account of these high charges for transport, especially when the root is brought from Marash, the American importers procured the bulk of their supplies from Batoum, which means a loss of about 36,000l. to the peasants of the districts.

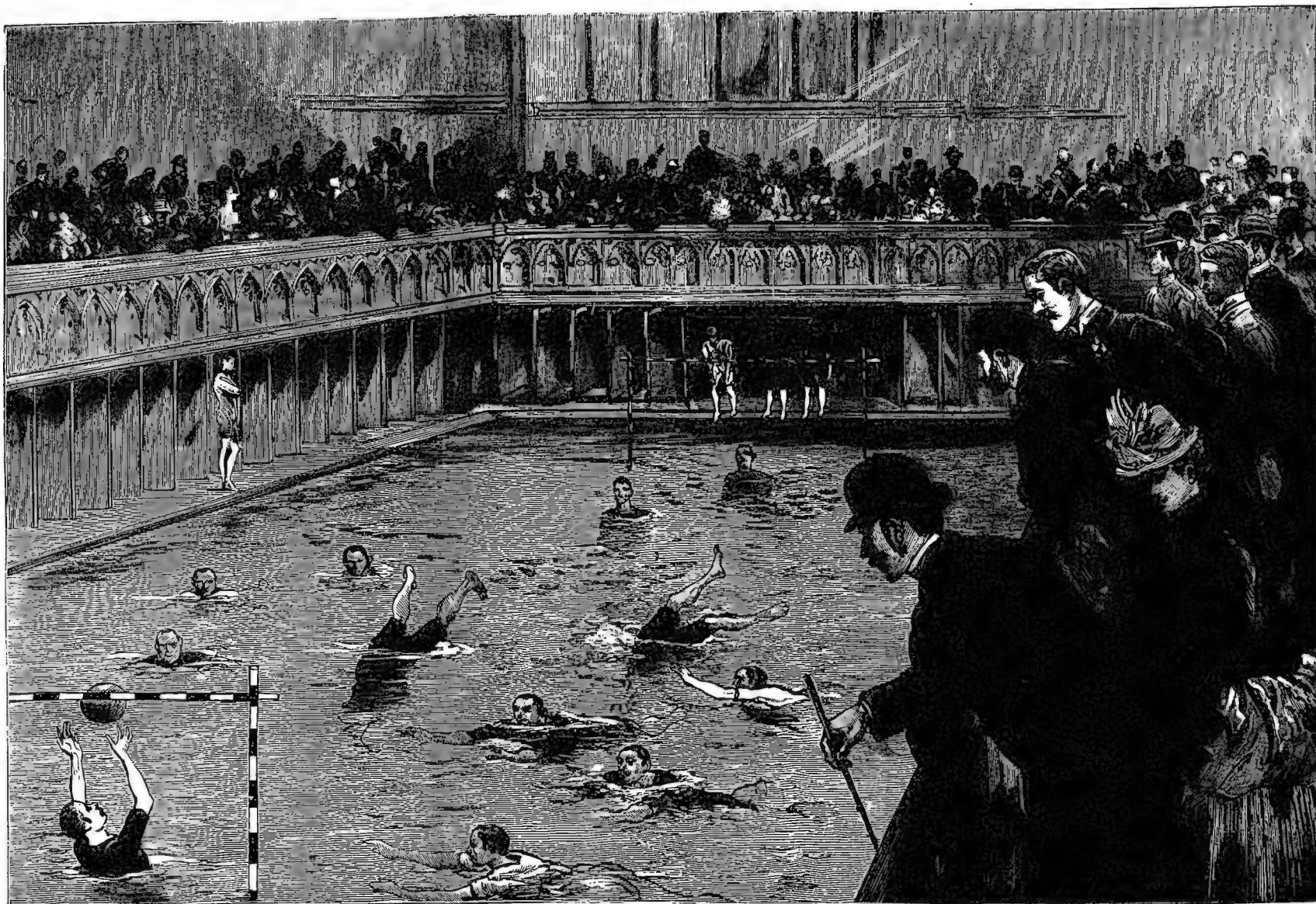
THE RETURNS OF THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL for the week ended August 16th state that 2,527 births and 1,751 deaths were registered in London during the week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 286 below, and the deaths 128 above, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The annual death-rate from all causes, which had been 19.8 and 18.8 in the previous two weeks, rose last week to 20.6. During the first seven weeks of the current quarter, the death-rate per 1,000 averaged 18.4, being 0.2 per 1,000 above the mean rate of the corresponding periods of the ten years 1880-89. No death from small-pox was registered during the week. The deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 208, exceeding the corrected average by 23; while those from diarrhoea rose from 176 to 262, and were 46 in excess of the corrected average. Children under five years of age contributed 246 to these fatalities.

IN the *Gartenlaube* is an account of the village of Ströbeck, near Wernigerode, in the Harz, where every five years, since 1885, a chess congress is held. The children of the village for several centuries have been taught chess in their homes as soon as they could understand the moves, and, at the present day, they show what progress they have made every Easter in the presence of the pastor, school teachers, and village authorities. The three girls and three boys who remain victors receive each a chess board made in the village, and inscribed with the words "A reward for perseverance." There are regular chess clubs for men and women, and on Sunday afternoons people pass the time in playing chess at the inn Zum Schachspiel, where, if a tourist happens to come in, he is invited to play, and is generally beaten. The inhabitants, about 1,250 in number, are almost all farmers, and in easy circumstances. The appearance of the village is pleasant—solid houses, clean paved streets, a church with a weathercock in the shape of a chess board, schools, inn, and an old square-brick tower, which plays a part in the history of the place.

THE STATISTICS OF THE SILK TRADE OF JAPAN for the last twelve years, which were issued in Yokohama after the close of the last season (June 30th) exhibit some curious features. The trade is practically confined to the port of Yokohama, the export from Hiogo being only 500 bales, while that from Yokohama last year was 35,505 bales. In 1887-8 the export was 38,958, and in 1888-9 41,264 bales, so that in 1889-90 there was a decline; but the expansion in the trade in recent years has been remarkable. Prior to 1887-8 the export never reached 30,000 bales, and was usually under 25,000, and sometimes even less than 20,000. As for the destination, an average of 20,000 bales during the last three years went to the United States, and an average of between 16,000 and 17,000 bales to the Continent of Europe, including Great Britain, to which not one bale was sent direct last year, although 2,070 bales came in 1888-9, and 1,735 in 1887-8. Some of the shipments to the Continent, however, ultimately come to London. Another curious feature of the trade is that the shipments on Japanese account are declining, showing that the efforts of the Japanese Government to foster a "direct trade"—i.e., a trade wholly in Japanese hands, are not successful so far as silk is concerned. In 1880-1 the shipments on Japanese account were 2,940 bales, in 1881-2 5,089, in 1883-4 6,348, in 1885-6 3,933, in 1888-9 2,826, and last year 2,495 bales, or less than the figure of nine years ago, although the total export in the same time has risen from 22,344 to 35,505 bales.



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3.3 p.m. Band of the Scots Guards and Pipers, conducted by Mr. E. Holland.
Comic Cricket Match by the Sergeants of the First Battalion Grenadier Guards.
Professor Brennan's Lions.
Household Brigade Cavalry Massed Band.
Encampment on Active Service practically illustrated by the First Grenadier Guards.
Trooping the Colours by the Boys of the Royal Military Asylum.
Sports by the Fourth Battalion East Surrey Regiment.
For Details see Daily Papers.

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THE TURF.—Racing near London has not many attractions in the month of August. Nevertheless there was a fair attendance and some good sport at Kempton Park last week. Minuet won the International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes for Alec Taylor; but the most important event was the City of London Breeders' Foal Stakes, for which Mr. Brampton's St. Leger candidate, Oddfellow, was made favourite. He was easily beaten by Mr. Houldsworth's Ponza, however, and consequently beat a retreat to 20 to 1, "offered," in the betting on the Doncaster event. The two days' racing at Redcar were chiefly remarkable for the successful riding of Bruckshaw, who had half-a-dozen winning mounts, and the victory of John Osborne's Punster, ridden by "the Pusher" himself, in the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes. At Windsor, the Berkshire Plate fell to the Duke of Beaufort's Simonetta.

Many of our readers who regretted the sale of Ormonde, the "horse of the century," to South America, will be glad to hear that there is a prospect of his return to this country. An offer to his present owner of 14,000l.—the amount paid for him to the Duke of Westminster—has been made on behalf of Baron Hirsch, who is forming a breeding-stud. Ormonde's existing progeny, of which there are seven in England, are said to be very good-looking.

CRICKET.—The most important match of last week was the encounter at the Oval between England and Australia. This, like the Lord's event, the home team placed to their credit, and there is every reason to suppose that they will also be successful in the third of the series, which begins on Monday next at Manchester. The fact is that the Australians are not a strong eleven. Familiarity with the bowling of Turner and Ferris has bred—not contempt, certainly, but confidence in our batsmen; while on the other hand the Colonists seem to find great difficulty in running up a good score in their first innings. In their second innings, as at Portsmouth, when against the Past and Present of the Universities they scored 300 for the loss of only five wickets, and turned what seemed to be a lost match into a creditable draw, they have once or twice shown wonderful improvement.

Great changes have occurred in the fortunes of some of the leading counties during the last week or two. Surrey, it is true, has retained her pride of place with a crushing victory over Mid-

dlesex, and a less decisive one over Lancashire, chiefly due to the return to form of Abel, who in the former match made 151 and carried his bat through Surrey's big innings of 406, and in the latter, thanks to the politeness of the Lancashire fieldsmen, scored 146. Sussex, also, remains quiescent at the other end of the scale, and has suffered another defeat at the hands of Lancashire, for which Mr. A. C. Maclaren, the Harrow boy, made a brilliant *début* by scoring 108. But Notts and Middlesex, which at the beginning of the season made such a good show, have been going from bad to worse. Each, since we last wrote, has succumbed to Gloucestershire.

More interest than usual has been evinced in the doings of the second-class counties, owing the decision of the County Cricket Council to classify the Shires, and arrange means by which they may be shifted at the end of each season. But, according to the rules laid down, no change can take place till the beginning of 1892, which, to a good many critics, seems a long time to wait. A rough-and-ready, but to our mind not unjust, way of avoiding this delay would be to raise Somersetshire, which has won all its engagements with other second-class counties, to the first class, and to relegate Sussex, which has only won one match during the whole season, to the second.

CYCLING.—The most successful rider of the season has been Mr. R. J. Mecredy, the editor of the *Irish Cyclist*, who last week capped his numerous good performances by winning the Fifty Miles "Safety" Amateur Championship in 2 h. 29 min. 55 1-5th sec. (record).

SWIMMING.—A marvellous feat was achieved this week by an American, Davis Dalton by name, who swam from Boulogne to Folkestone, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in twenty-two hours. Dalton, who swam almost entirely on his back, was very much exhausted on his arrival. The Long-Distance Amateur Championship, swum for on Saturday on the Thames between Kew and Putney, fell to W. Henry, of the Zephyr S. C.

LAWN TENNIS.—At the Buxton Open Tournament the Championship of Derbyshire fell to Mr. F. Goodbody, of Dublin University, who beat Mr. H. S. Barlow in the final. The Irish capital was also the fore in the Ladies' Singles, which fell to Miss Martin, Fitzwilliam L.T.C., but the Ladies' Doubles, as last year, fell to the Misses Steedman.

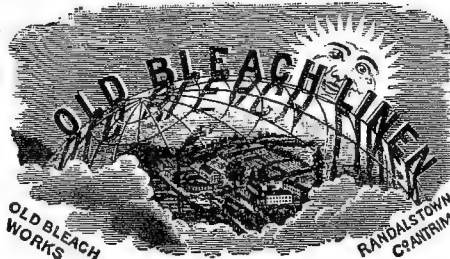
POPE LEO XIII. ascribes his wonderfully good health to the constant use, during the last thirty years, of the water of San Vito, a spring hidden in a mountain twenty miles from Perugia. The spring is not *exploitée*, and a peasant is sent with empty bottles to fill them up on the spot and cork them for his Holiness.

NEW MUSIC

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A new and attractive cantata, "Gwen, the White Lady of Myddvai," words by J. Young Evans, B.A., music by J. Haydn Parry, has just now appeared in readiness for the autumnal choral season. Four principal soloists (S.A.T.B.) and a chorus of female voices meet the vocal requirements of this pleasing work, which might well be played on a drawing-room stage, as the three principal scenes are "The Lake of Van Vach and Village of Myddvai, in Carmarthen-shire;" the other two "A Cottage Interior." The libretto relates to Meurig, a young cowherd, who falls in love with Gwen, a water fairy; and, after some trouble, obtains the consent of her submarine father to marry her, on condition that if he strikes her three causeless blows she shall straightway return to her parental home. The marriage takes place, and an interval of twelve years is supposed to elapse. During that time Meurig has struck two blows—one when Gwen delayed the horse when they were going to a christening, the other when she laughed at a funeral; and now she weeps at a wedding. Meurig hastily chides her, and at once she is recalled by the fairies and her father. Once only does she appear to him again, when she promises to teach their children the art of healing. Both words and music of this cantata are pleasing, the verses run smoothly, and the music is melodious and void of difficulties.—There is quite a rage for collecting the music of various counties. "Popular Songs of Sussex," arranged by H. F. Birch-Reynardson, consists of twenty-six songs; No. 1, "Mummer's Song," which is sung in some parts of Sussex by "Tipters" (as they are locally called), after their play of *St. George, the Turk, and the Seven Champions of Christendom*, would prove a success at a Christmas merrymaking. Most of the songs are of a hilarious character, and contain a dozen verses; the heroes are "noble lords," poachers, ploughboys, privateers, and woodcutters of more or less dubious characters; there are some few sentimental love ditties.—A tender little love song is "When You Slept," English words translated from the German by Theo Marzials, music by Halfdan Kjerulf.—Of the same loving type as the above are "As the Dawn," words by Ellis Walton, music by Otto Cantor, and "My Love for Thee," poetry by Clifton Bingham, music by R. B. Addison.—Two spirited and taking pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room by J. Albeniz are "First Mazurka" and "Second Mazurka," the latter is the more original of the two.—A waltz which will be very popular is "Last Night," by Dan Godfrey, jun.

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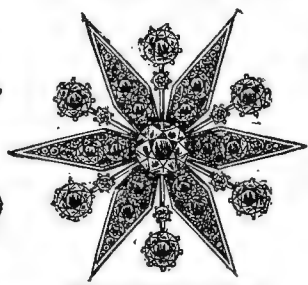
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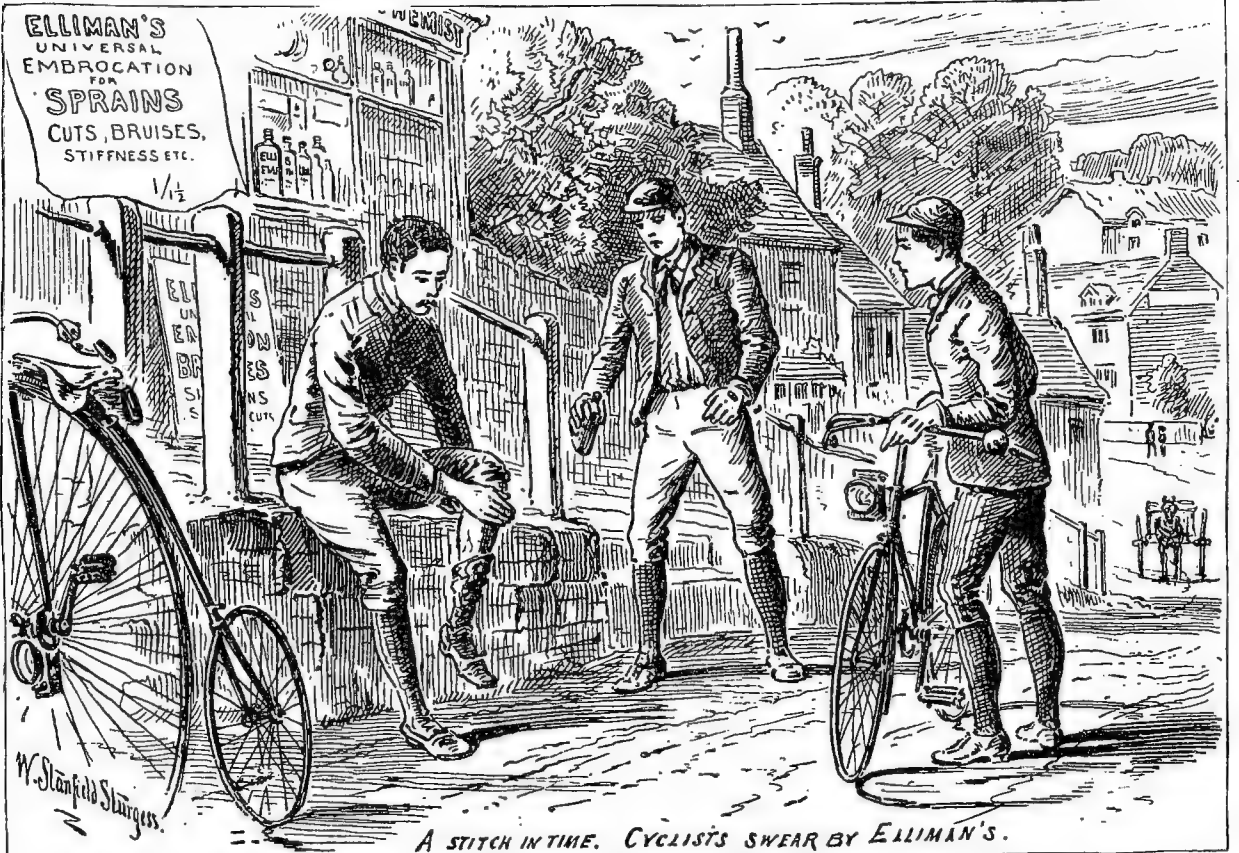
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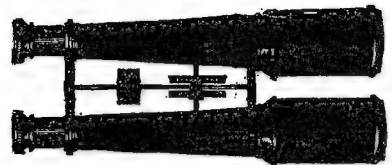
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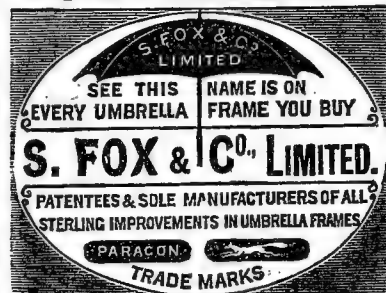
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THE SEASON.—The temperature strikes most persons as being still fairly warm and summer-like, but there has been, in reality, a fall of four degrees; from an average daily heat of 64 deg. to that of 60 deg. The mean of the month being 61.30 deg., it will be seen that the difference is important as respects the ripening of the crops in the North, which, at the end of August, will still be a fortnight or more removed from maturity. The high winds have been detrimental to the barley, which may with advantage be allowed to go dead ripe if only there is a still air. Harvesting has made rapid progress in all the southern counties, but is backward over the greater area of Great Britain. The wheat yield is put by good authority at 72,105,000 bushels on 2,530,000 acres, or 28.50 bushels to the acre. In 1889, a yield of 29.89 bushels on 2,539,099 acres gave a total crop of 75,883,611 bushels; while in 1888, a yield of only 27.97 bushels, but on the larger area of 2,663,250 acres, gave a 74,493,133 bushel yield. There is reckoned to be slightly over an average crop of barley, but much stained and knocked about. Oats are reckoned 3 per cent. over average, and the best crop since 1883. Potatoes are possibly a full yield, but blight is extensive in Scotland, and disease is spreading in Ireland; so that it will be wise to put this crop as an average in England only. Beans, like oats, exceed an average, and peas, without being a big yield, are the best since 1883. Roots may not be so good as last year or 1888, but they should be much better than in 1887, 1886, 1885, or 1884. The hay crop is reckoned 20 per cent. under average in some of the chief pastoral regions, but it is a full yield in many of the so-called "arable counties," and the aftermath is good. Taking the crop as a whole, we should say it is not so good as in 1889 or 1888, or so short as in 1887, but agrees in out-turn very closely with that of 1886. The year has not been a good one for roses, but carnations have done well. Fruit is generally deficient; in places where they are usually abundant, greenhouses are making good, and ordinary plums 8d. per lb. The apple crop for the entire kingdom is probably not more than half a full yield.

"THE YEAR on which we are writing," says the *Times*, "does not bid fair to be an extra good one for our farmers. Yields are only moderate. The corn-farmer is likely to have the benefit of higher prices both for grain and straw, but, on the other hand, harvesting will be more than usually expensive, and the quantity of the grain uncertain and varied. The dairy farmer has not had so good a season as was at one time expected, cheese ripening slowly, and not

being of high quality, while the milk-flow has not been continuously of an average quantity. The pastures have been full of grass, and, probably, a better clover year has been but seldom seen. Those who have done best are the breeders, for not only have they had good calving and lambing seasons, but prices for any animals of merit have been good."

HARVESTING MACHINERY.—Owing to the area of laid and lodged corn, farmers will have a good deal of work to do with the sickle. Where machinery is practicable, the reaping machine holds its own against the self-binder, as it is suited to heavy land better than the other implement, which works best on the light up-lying crops of the long levels of Dakota, California, or Kansas. The saving of 5s. to 7s. 6d. per acre on the cost of tying-up the crop makes the self-binder the cheapest and best machine to use where the land is level, but the self-binder is more nonplussed by irregularities than is the older machine. It is suggested by Professor Wrightson that, for harvesting barley, the oldest of methods, that of mowing with the scythe, is best. He is inclined to think that the best malting samples are thus obtained, that a more even colour is secured, and a more uniform exposure to the dews, rain, and sunshine. Barley, as a rule, is best carted loose.

MR. C. S. READ, whose opinions are always valued by his brother farmers, calls the wheat crop this year an average, though much laid. Barley, he says, is a good crop, and, if well harvested, will be mostly good malting samples. Oats are over an average yield. Winter beans are very good; spring, variable. Peas are an irregular yield, with much straw. Hay is a rather poor crop, and all more or less spoiled. Potatoes often bad. Early swedes excellent; later ones poor.

DORCHESTER AND BICESTER FAIRS are the great August events of the pastoral regions of Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Dorset. At the first 10,000 sheep were penned, and there was a goodly gathering of buyers. Sales went well from first to last, and the breeders were remunerated for their care of lambs and ewes. Mr. W. Hull made 50s. to 55s. for Dorset Horn Chilvers lambs, while up to 79s. was realised by some of his ewes. A large proportion of the sheep were bought by purchasers from London. There was a good inquiry for Hampshire Devon rams, and first-rate prices were made. The Bicester sales were equally successful, and the show of Oxfordshire Downs was very satisfactory. Mr. Wildon made 84s. for ewes, and the bulk of the pens offered were sold at a good price.

EARLY CHRYSANTHEMUMS, says the *Field*, should be grown in masses, when their beauty is seen to real advantage. Few growers outside the professional and expert circle of gardeners are acquainted with the bright golden yellow variety *Precoce*, which flowers about St. Swithin's Day and lasts all August.

POPPIES are hardy, and yet distinguished-looking flowers, to which sufficient attention has not yet been given. Various shades

of scarlet, purple, mauve, and lavender will be found to develop naturally, and, by a little care in selecting seed, the amateur gardener may easily create for himself distinct varieties, varying from a white, which is just dashed with lavender, to a purple that is almost black. The plume poppy should be in no wise overlooked. It will attain 8 ft. in height if it is encouraged by space to develop in, nor is its beauty in its flowers alone, its leaves being large, and deeply veined, and the colour a particularly rare green, with a moon-light glimmer on the under surface.

RURAL PESTS.—Persons with sensitive skins often find their enjoyment of harvest time in the country seriously diminished by reason of the various pests in the way of midges, harvest bugs, and the like, which the merry month of August is wont to bring forth. To these sufferers strong vinegar or diluted acetic acid may be recommended for application to the part bitten. Calvert's or McDougall's carbolic soap is recommended, and if the country visitor washes the legs, arms, and face only once a day the insect plagues will probably give him a wide berth. We have found that at country-places by the sea insects have failed to attack those of a party who had recently bathed in the salt water, and perhaps the artificial preparations of Tidman and other firms would have a like effect. Sportsmen who soak their leggings in paraffin find that this effectually routs the enemy, but the remedy is thought by some to be worse than the disease. Carbonate of soda is easily procurable even in the most out-of-the-way villages, probably because the cottagers delight to use it largely with their tea. It has no unpleasant odour, and if rubbed or washed well into the legs will keep off most insects.

THE SMALL FARM AND LABOURERS' LAND COMPANY have just held their annual meeting, which was attended by Lord Wantage, Mr. Channing, M.P., Mr. R. G. Mowbray, M.P., and many other advocates of reviving our small yeoman class. The dividend to be declared was for two years, and was fixed at 4 per cent. for 1889 and 2 per cent. for 1890, the latter economy enabling the business to carry over 700l. cash in hand. It cannot be said that the enterprise shows any rapid development, but the venture seems at least to have "turned the corner," and, after all, its main object is not so much to secure a dividend as to show that small cultivators can still live by the land.

COLUMBUS has been adopted virtually as the patron saint of the new Brazilian Republic, which has abolished all the decorations created by the Empire, and founded an "Order of Columbus," to reward patriotic natives and deserving foreigners. Now a colossal Columbus monument will be built on a rock at the entrance of the harbour of Rio Janeiro, the cost being defrayed jointly by the South American Republics. The inauguration is to serve as "a festival of fraternisation among the South American nations"—not a very likely prospect at the present moment.

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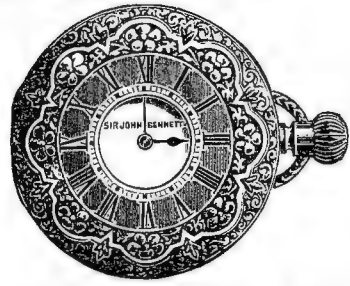
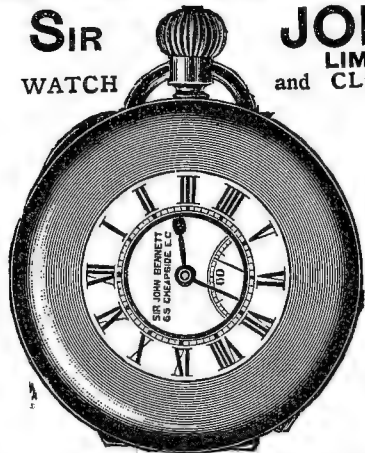


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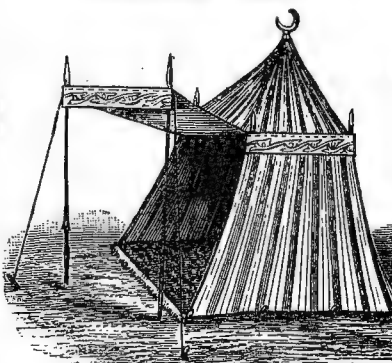
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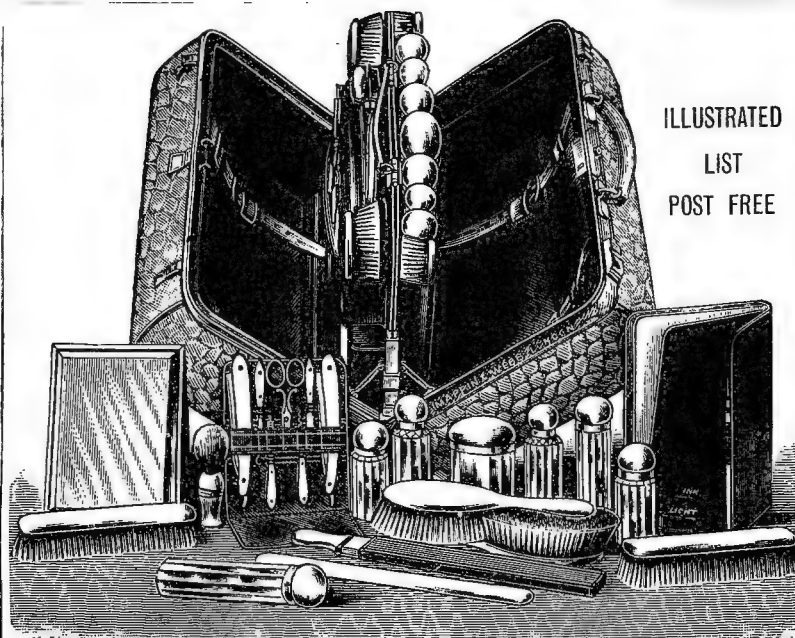
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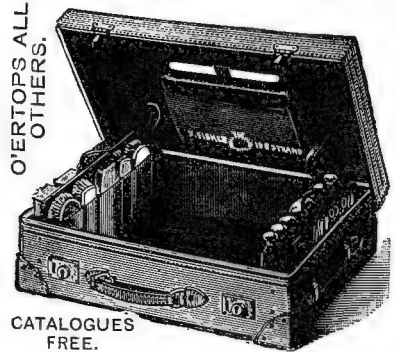
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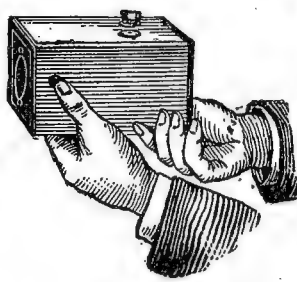
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Dear Sir,—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours,
W. J. COLLIS BROWNE & CO.,
Members of the Pharmac. Society of Great Britain.
His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.

—See the *Times*, July 13, 1884.

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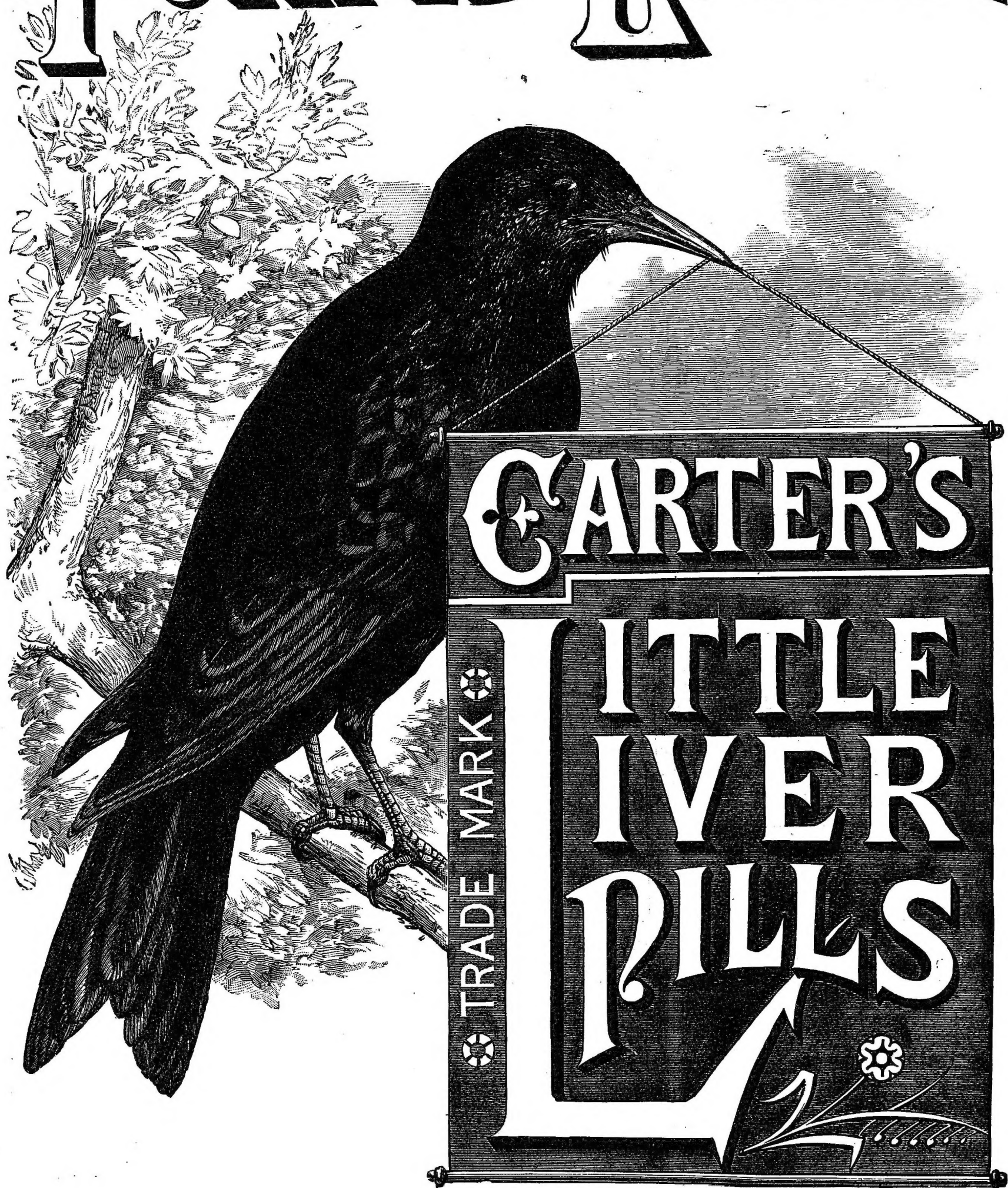
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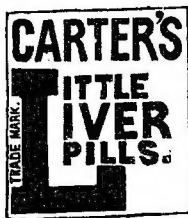
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Attention is directed to this Paragraph from
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Permit me to remark that this is one of those things

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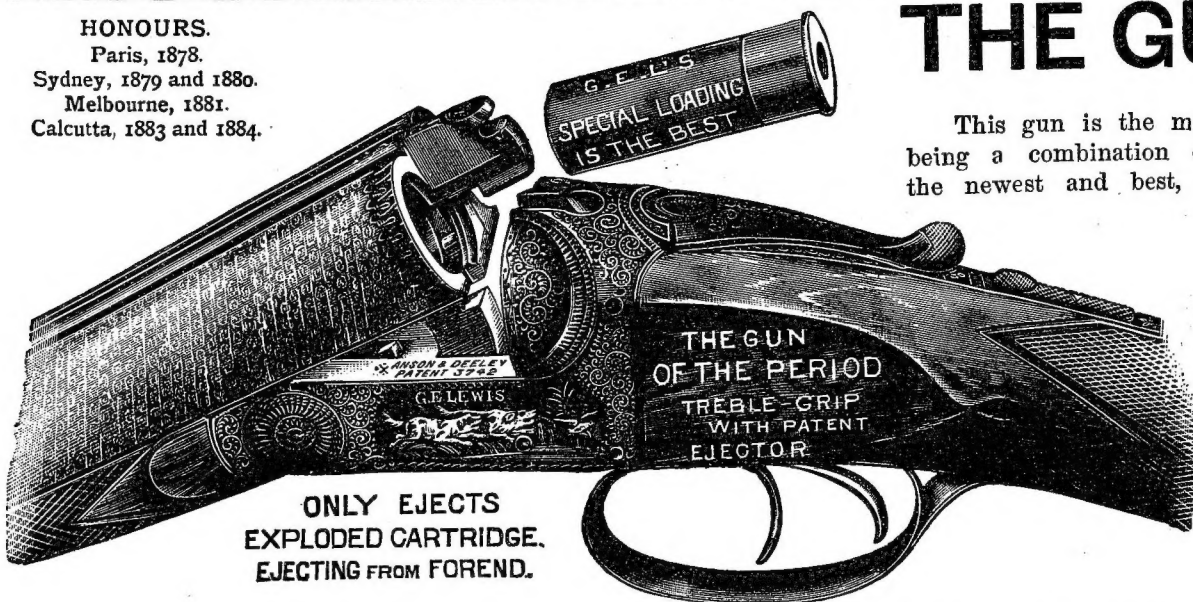
which, under such circumstances, I have found very efficient in the prevention of sunburn and allied annoyances.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust,"
Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University;
Editor of "Health."

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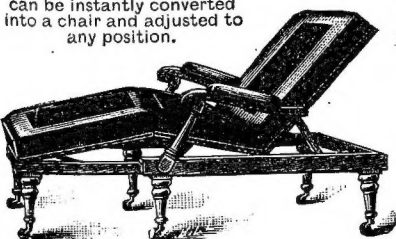
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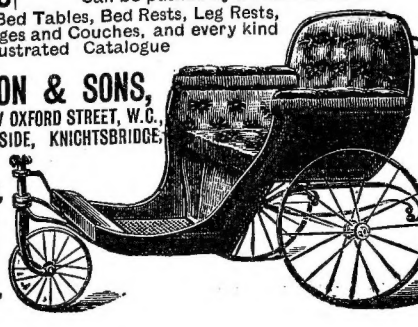
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"I have examined SALT REGAL with the following results:—That it is an effervescent saline, compounded from absolutely pure ingredients. When it is placed in contact with water the chemical combination which ensues results in the formation of two of the best known saline aperients, and in addition to these there is also developed a small quantity of an oxidising disinfectant tending to destroy any impurities present in the water used."

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An Appetising and Refreshing Tonic. A Thirst-Quencher for all occasions. A morning "Pick-me-up." A high-class Effervescing, Antiseptic Salt, develops Ozone, the Principle of Life. Prevents and Relieves **FLATULENCE**, Nausea, **GIDDINESS**, Heartburn, **Acidity**, Palpitation, **Bilious Headache**, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Malaria, Irritation of the Skin, Liver Complaint, Lassitude, **WEARINESS**, etc. Corrects all Impurities arising from errors of diet, eating or drinking.

The Editor of "HEALTH," the great authority of **HYGIENE**, recommends SALT REGAL for general use in Families, and speaks in the highest praise of SALT REGAL

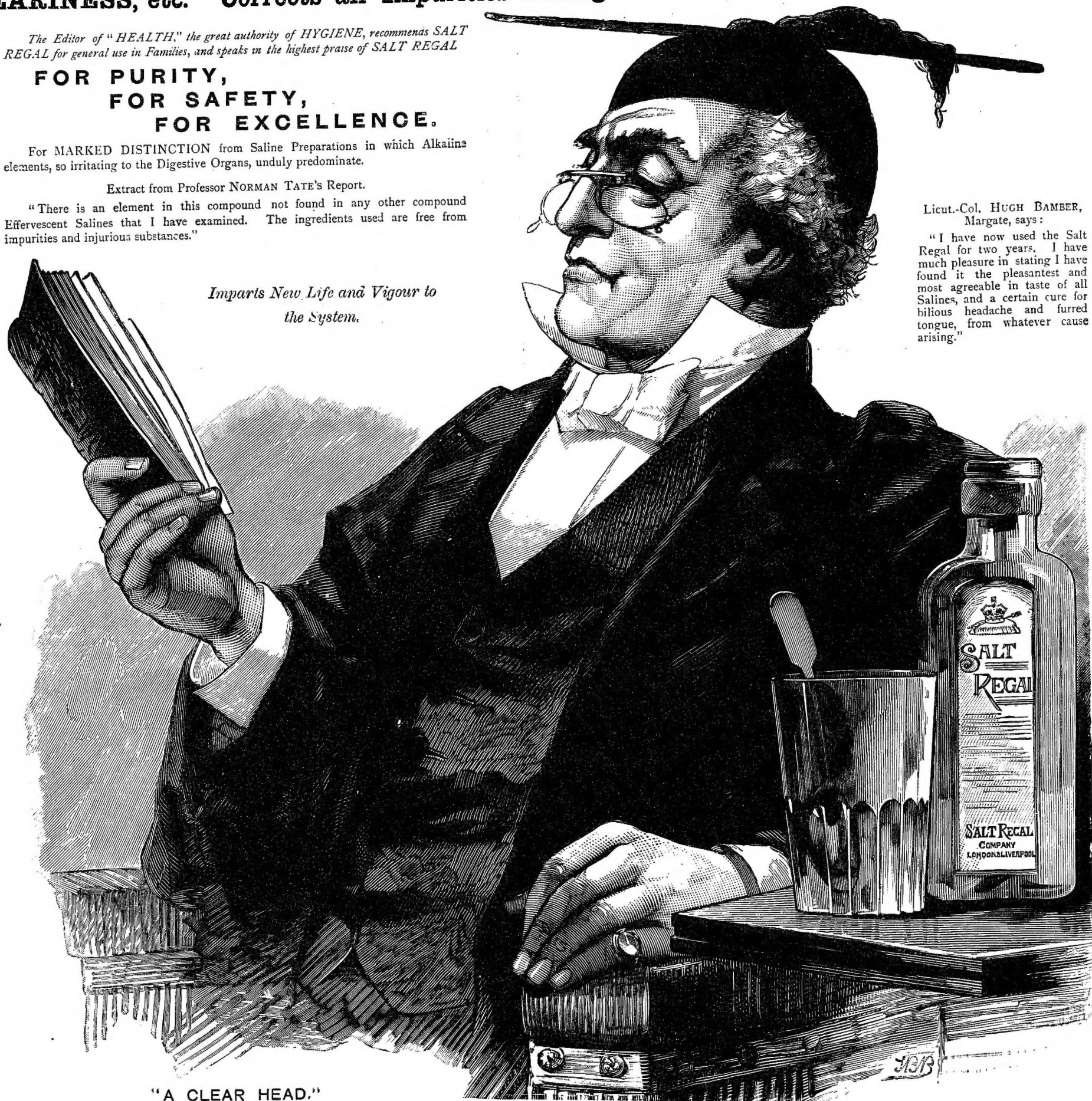
**FOR PURITY,
FOR SAFETY,
FOR EXCELLENCE.**

For MARKED DISTINCTION from Saline Preparations in which Alkaline elements, so irritating to the Digestive Organs, unduly predominate.

Extract from Professor NORMAN TATE's Report.

"There is an element in this compound not found in any other compound Effervescent Salines that I have examined. The ingredients used are free from impurities and injurious substances."

*Imparts New Life and Vigour to
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Lieut.-Col. HUGH BAMBER,
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"I have now used the Salt Regal for two years. I have much pleasure in stating I have found it the pleasantest and most agreeable in taste of all Salines, and a certain cure for bilious headache and furred tongue, from whatever cause arising."

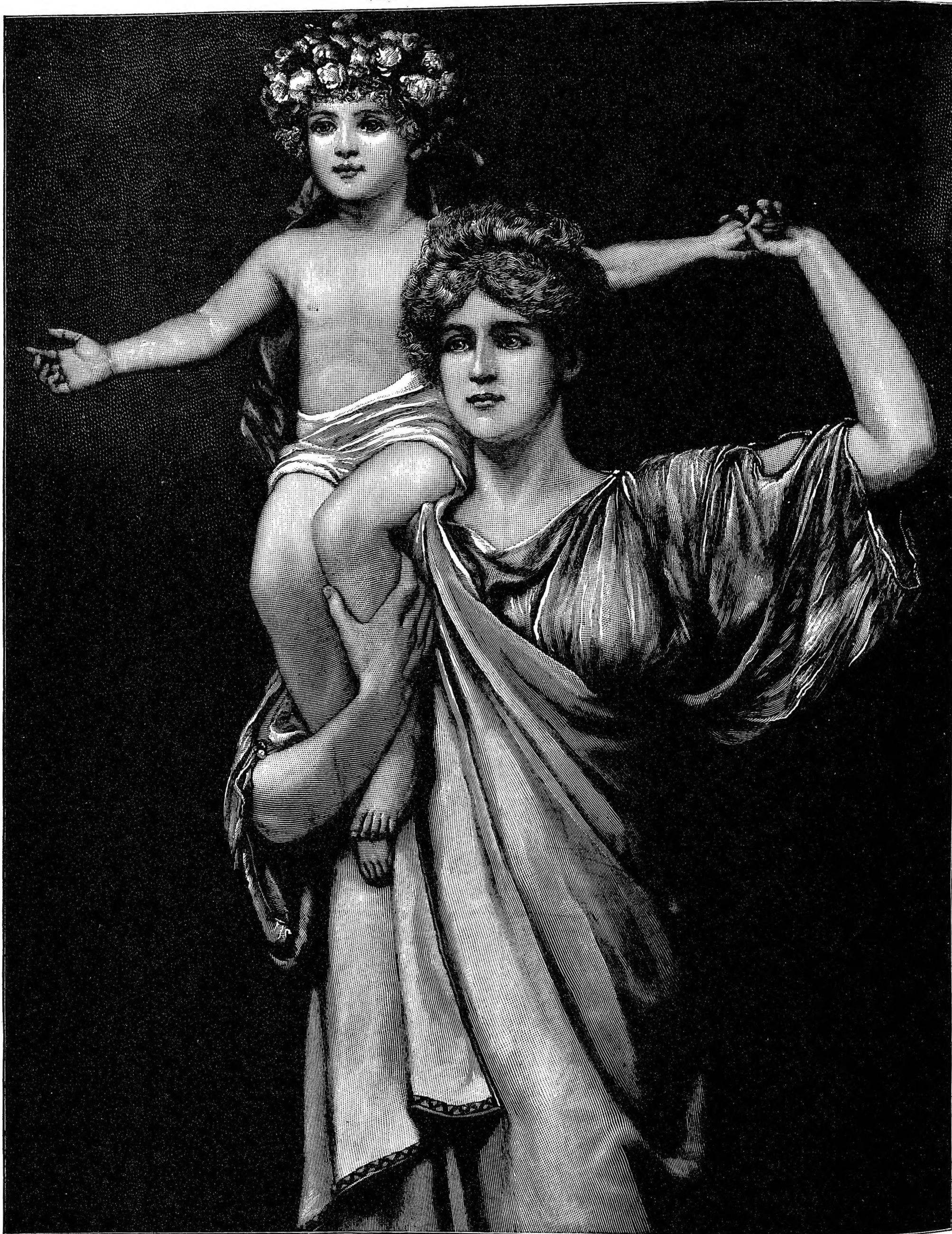
"A CLEAR HEAD."

The great rapidity with which SALT REGAL has become the Favourite Remedy with the public in all cases of Dyspepsia, Flatulence, and kindred complaints is demonstrated by the enormous sale it has attained, both home and abroad.

SALT REGAL when regularly used is a certain guarantee of health. One draught per week will maintain health, while a daily draught will restore health to the debilitated. SALT REGAL revives and never depresses. Every traveller or voyager should carry a bottle of SALT REGAL. It relieves the torture of sea-sickness.

Insist upon having SALT REGAL, and no other. It cannot be imitated, and stands alone. Be careful to observe SALT REGAL is a delicate white powder; but it turns the water to a beautiful rose pink. Unless it does this it is not genuine. Copies of testimonials and certificate of analysis accompany each bottle.

BOTTLES 2s. 9d. of all Chemists and Stores. If not procurable from the nearest, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. to the Manager, SALT REGAL WORKS, LIVERPOOL, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.



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Its Birth seems yesterday—two decades soon are o'er— 'Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more! Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new; Who wishes wider fields, who longs for latest news, For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

A daring Child! Let's hope this "Daily Graphic" may, Be, with its Pen and Pencil, graphic day by day! J. ASHBY-STEFY.

The DAILY GRAPHIC contains Telegraphic News of Importance from all parts of the World. Signed Articles by the most eminent Men of the Day. Illustrated Letters from many important Towns at Home and Abroad. The general verdict of the public being that it is the most marvellous production at the price of ONE PENNY.